

THE MAID OF DOON.

CHAPTER I.

Dinner was over. They had just lit their pipes and settled down to a gloaming chat.

"Out!" said Harley, "now we're off. Yes, I confess it isn't half bad to find one's self rich after knocking about the world for years on crabs. You see, I really had had a bit of roughing. On landing at Melbourne I was taken by the hand by a very obliging fellow, with whom I entered into partnership in the hardware line. I woke up one morning to find that I had been taken by the purse and that I was in several hard lines without the ware. I worked my passage as an anything but a jolly tar around to Sydney, where I became a real gentleman's gardener at the gentlemanly sum of £1 10s. per week. Fine pursuit, horticulture. Once read a book about it, though my master would not believe that. So I left his garden for the next man to weed and started inland with an introduction from a Scotchman to a sheep farmer friend 70 miles away.

"The money ebbed out of my pockets and the elbows out of my coat simultaneously, and it was getting hard to keep the soul from ebbing out of my body when the tide turned and flowed good luck. I was passing through rather a dreary district when I saw in front of me a brawny European standing behind a dead horse and keeping a group of howling Maoris at bay with his rifle. There were four living and two dead, and I saw that those left were as determined to relieve the honest man of life's burden as he was to carry it a little further. Just as he dropped from a bullet wound I went into them at the gallop, and in a few seconds had, with my revolver, persuaded two of them to continue operations in another world, tickling the others in their flight with a little lead. The man on the ground was the good Ayrshire Scot to whom I was journeying. Luckily it was only a leg wound, and he managed to stick on my horse for the remaining two miles of the distance.

"Well, that man was more than a father to me. I worked with him on the ranch for two years, when he took malarial fever and died, leaving me, as he had no relations, every cent of his money. I had a hankering after the old country, so sold out and shipped home. Having some business to transact in this quarter, and learning in Glasgow that my old chum, now one of a prominent firm of lawyers, was struggling through a holiday down here, I—yes, here I am."

"And here you are welcome, old man." "By the way," said Harley, "do you know Colonel Hodgson of Doon House?" "Only by name," said his host, rising. He drew aside the window curtain. "See, if you stand here, you can just catch a glimpse of the roof through the trees."

"So you do. And yonder is the monument—dear old spot. Is it too late to walk round that way, Wingate?" "Not a bit. We'll go for a stroll."

And round by the monument they went, the wanderer relating to his friend, all ears, the saga of his doings—of night enterprises and hairbreadth escapes, adventures by sea and field. The tongue flashed from word to word.

"Yes," Harley was saying, "Colonel Hodgson is my uncle. I'm going to visit him tomorrow—not as the man of fortune, but as the hungry heir expectant. I want to see how the old fire eater would treat me if I were really at his mercy. Chilly I want to learn how he has behaved to my cousin Nelly. He's her uncle, too, and her guardian. Nelly and I were lovers in the dead days, and she used to say that if she lost her brother she'd rather die than—Angels and ministers of grace! What's that?"

They were crossing the bridge at the monument inn. Harley clutched his friend's arm fiercely, and the two men peered, spellbound, up the river. There, on the very bank of Doon itself, shadowed by the trees, but streaked by the thin moonlight thread, stood a tall, white figure, making strange signs with its arms—wild, slow movements, suggestive of things unearthly.

"Stole away! By the ghost of Tam O'Shanter! I follow thee! Wait there, Wingate."

Harley shot along the river bank and, as lost to sight, Wingate strove to pierce the gloom of the densest foliage as he heard him crash and blunder through the shrubbery. The sounds circulated and came back. Harley scrambled to the road, breathing hard and displaying torn garments.

"The—the strangest thing alive—or dead," he panted. "Got quite close and thought I had it when the ghastly thing disappeared."

"And you haven't brought back even a hair of auld Mag's tail? Most disappointing."

"Well, it's feminine. I'll stake my life on that. So next time I leave the pleasure of the chase to you."

Wingate was a bachelor—a bachelor on holiday and at his friend's service. Together they visited Doon House on the following day. To casual observation the colonel seemed, on the whole, poised to see his nephew again, but there was one whose keen scrutiny the first involuntary flash of sinister unwelcome did not escape. Standing in the shade Wingate, between half shut eyes, measured the man in the moment of his approach.

"Lay gone—crane—indomitable—martinet," was the verdict. Conversation ranged until some one came in from the garden blushing rosy, and suddenly the heart began to play frantic quickstep on his side. Wingate remarked the traces of almost fawning affection in which the colonel addressed his niece and sought to reconcile them with the verdict. A picnic to Crossraggan abbey being arranged for the following day, they were about to leave when Harley burst out:

"Oh, I forgot! We saw a ghost last night."

"Stuff, man! That's your colonial imagination."

"No fear. It was alive, alive, oh! On the Brig o' Doon too. Wingate will corroborate."

"Eh—what?" blurted the colonel. "On the auld Brig? Don't talk nonsense, Frank. Snocke, Mr. Wingate? I'll give you a fine Indian weed for the walk home."

"Shall I—oh, yes, I'll get them!" stammered his niece, vanishing.

"Coming down the avenue, Harley, airily, between puffs. 'Jolly girl, that—eh?'"

"M—yes."

"And what else, anatomist?"

"A thoughtful girl, and—and a trouble girl. How is she provided for? That's important."

"Her mother left her entire fortune to the colonel, with the provision that Nelly should receive £300 a year and £10,000 as a marriage portion."

"So that if this girl were to die your uncle would not, saving annual, £300, saving prospective, £10,000."

"Ye banks and braes! What's the man driving at? D'you mean to say—"

"Nothing."

"D'you mean to think, then—"

"That your cousin might tell you something of last night's—er—Maid of Doon."

There are men who throw out their words crisp and clear from the chest and with such evident flash that instinctively you feel that they are brainy as well as tongue-tied—may, more, that the silver utterances are all marked of the heart. And Wingate, with his mild, clean shaven face and quiet, decisive manner, was one of these. Men learned this; hence his reputation. Harley had been rummaging.

"Wingate, you're an enigma."

"Don't call names. Didn't you notice anything striking today?"

"Yes. I thought my uncle changed color when I mentioned the ghost incident. That was all."

"Well, that was something. But I saw strange things in your cousin's face and how on a rather transparent pretext she hurried from the room."

"Then, oh, riddle reader! until the riddle be read, well mightily visit the glimpses of the moon."

It was a merry drive next day in right merry weather. Nelly had hunted up some young friends, male and female, from Ayr, and the richly colored country, the delightful interruptions by the way, the old fashioned town of Maybole, and last the truly picturesque ruins of the ancient abbey made summer of living.

Only once did Harley find his cousin alone. It was when they had climbed the one remaining tower, and he held her hand as she peeped cautiously over the gaily edge.

"Nelly," he said hurriedly, "I want to ask you something. Tell me—has he been—as he good to you—as kind as you deserve?"

"Oh, Frank, don't ask me that."

She turned a sad, pleading face toward him. In that moment her eyes had filled.

"Nelly I've come to help you. You must—"

"Oh, don't, please don't! See, he's watching us. Go over there, quick."

Immediately afterward she ran down the stairs, and her laugh was heard above them all. But Harley was thinking—she was not given to thinking except when it could not be helped. Wingate stuck to the colonel like a leech, and well Harley knew that his leech was drawing blood. That night the Maid of Doon did not present herself on the Brig, nor for a full week to come. Then, circumstances being similar, he again appeared. Harley's course was determined.

"Now, old man," he said, "be swift. I'll cut off retreat. You take exactly the course I did last time. Wait here now. When you hear my cuckoo call, swoop."

Moved as he might, the shrubbery, the dry undergrowth, the roosting birds, spoke loudly of the disturbance and sent warning of the night as they tracked him. Harley saw his prey slipping, gave the sign on the instant, and henceforth

"I had just a whisper from Frank. Allow me to congratulate you."

She blushed and thanked him, smiling.

"Now," he said, "if you choose to tell me all you know, it will save much time, much trouble and perhaps more."

"Really, Mr. Wingate, I can't. I daren't. I couldn't live here if I did. He would read it in my face. I'd much rather you would find out for yourself."

"Very well, then, I'll look at your bedroom first."

She conducted him to a plainly furnished room of medium size. He stood for a minute, taking in the general aspect of things.

"Um! You sleep with your head to the window. Now, Miss Larrie, where do you place the reading lamp? I see. Just over your head. Thank you."

He walked to the window, and stepping on a chair examined the upper portion closely.

"You're not in the habit of putting anything onto the frame here, are you?"

"Oh, no."

"Nor of giving tacks into it?"

"No."

"Now I'm going to pull it down from the top. Is that how you have it during the night?"

"Yes, about that."

"And the room above this is your uncle's? Then, with your permission, I'll have a glance at it."

As Wingate entered the colonel's bedroom his eyes lighted upon a long green curtain that, suspended from the roof, hung down by one side of the bed.

"For drafts, I suppose," said he, fingering it.

"Yes. Uncle said he couldn't sleep for the cold and bought it quite recently."

"Has hooks along part of the foot too. What are they for?"

"He told me they were for fastening the curtain to the ceiling when required."

Wingate looked up quickly. "Did he volunteer that information?"

"Yes. I never asked."

"Most extraordinary."

Mounting a chair, he swiftly unhooked the curtain at the top, laying it across the bed. The raising of a narrow ornamental band that bordered it revealed on one side a row of tiny hooks and on the other a row of corresponding eyes.

showed through the foliage. The hand on his arm trembled violently.

"If he should suspect—if he should trace me—oh, Frank, if he should find me here, he'd—he'd kill us both—kill us—kill us!"

CHAPTER II.

"So, after all, she told you nothing? Hm! rather a wild goose chase?"

"My dear fellow, I didn't want to have a real ghost in my arms. The girl was out of her wits. But how did you know it was her? You seemed cock sure in the matter."

"Tolerably certain, yes. My methods of deduction made me so. Now, before taking further steps, do you mean to marry the girl?"

"You're point blank, but that is the business that brought me here."

"Then, in that event, and only because your cousin is more to you than your uncle, I take your case. I have made a careful study of such cases, and here I see a great danger in delay. Therefore, while carefully avoiding anything that might arouse suspicion in your uncle's mind, you must discover through your cousin whether he takes an interest in or gives any instructions regarding her sleeping apartments."

Harley promised. "I'm dazed," he said, "but I'll go on in faith."

So the excursions went on apace. There were drives to Durnure the quaint, to the lovely glen of Ballochmyle and the countless other beauty nooks that make the very name of Ayr a kind of spell. There were golf matches at Troon and golf matches at Prestwick. Festivity perpetual—and all the while the thickening plot and all the while the unraveling. Walking homeward one night, Wingate said to his friend:

"You had an opportunity today. Did you take it by the forelock?"

"Yes, but what I fished was so minnowy that it's hardly worth mentioning."

"Everything's worth mentioning to a lawyer when you're his client."

"Well, it was simply that he insists upon Nelly sleeping with the window down from the top. The queen does that, he says, and look at her age."

"Is that all?"

"Yes—no. By the bye, he advised her to read in bed as an inducement to sleep and gave her a boxful of novels. He bought her a patent reading lamp and bookholder, too, for the purpose. Not much in that—eh?"

"Just life and death in that, Harley; we must precipitate matters."

"Yes, and if I find you're right I'll begin by precipitating the old brute from his topmost window."

"You will please to bear in mind that a single injudicious word may cost the forfeit of our power to render any assistance whatever. Tomorrow I shall pay your uncle an early visit and get him away to golf at Prestwick. You will be headache and going to stay abroad. To do a great right we must do a little wrong. If I don't return within an hour, you'll go straight to your cousin and tell her all—tell her that you are independent of your uncle. In short, make her your promised wife. Unless I'm worse than blind, she'll consent. And heaven knows she needs you, poor girl! Tell her to arrange for my examining the house in the afternoon, getting the servants out of the way for an hour or two. Then, being no longer interfering, you will come on to Prestwick and join us about 2 o'clock. Your uncle has the old soldier's love of a wager. You will play him two rounds for 10 guineas a side. Prior to this I shall have him informed that I must go to town by the 2.30. That I take the down instead of the up train is part of the great right and the very little wrong."

It was all settled and carried out to the letter. Arriving at the appointed time, Wingate found Miss Larrie much agitated and anything but enamored of the business in hand. He artfully introduced the side issue.

"I had just a whisper from Frank. Allow me to congratulate you."

She blushed and thanked him, smiling.

"Now," he said, "if you choose to tell me all you know, it will save much time, much trouble and perhaps more."

"Really, Mr. Wingate, I can't. I daren't. I couldn't live here if I did. He would read it in my face. I'd much rather you would find out for yourself."

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These he quickly fastened together, the result being a kind of long sack without bottom.

"Ugh! So far, so good!"

Walking to the window, he raised the sash and thrust his head out. He then held the curtain over, flapping it, and after a few attempts the hooks caught inside the window below.

"Hold this, please, just a moment while I run to your room."

The girl looked scared. "Oh, do be quick!" she murmured. "He might come back too soon."

Wingate was in her room. The hooks fitted exactly into the punctures in the wood. He rushed up stairs again, making further inspection of the curtain.

"I was sure of it. Worth this here, and two little holes on either side at equal distances. Has your uncle a square iron or metal box of any kind?"

"None except that tin one in which he keeps some dusty documents."

She pointed to a box stamped "Private Papers" that lay under the dressing table. He lifted it on the table by the window, fitting it to the curtain, which it stretched to tearing point, the sharp corners showing through the holes. He drew it out again, tapping it all round. It was securely fastened, light in weight, hollow in sound.

"I suppose your uncle always keeps the key himself?"

"Oh, yes. I never see it."

Wingate laid his ear against the edge of the box for two minutes.

"M—yes, I think that's all now. We'll restore order. I've given you a deal of trouble, Miss Larrie, but it's a great success."

Miss Larrie looked very unhappy.

"What does it all mean, Mr. Wingate? Won't you tell me now?"

"My dear young lady, it wants more investigation. Meanwhile make no change in your bearing toward your uncle, and—yes, it would be as well for you to appear on the Brig tonight."

Harley, returning late, found his friend curled up before the fire in an easy chair and brown meditation.

"Well, mystery teaser, how have things gone?"

"Just as I expected. Everything is in perfect accord with the theory which I formed long ago. I don't think I told you of my interesting chat at the abbey with your uncle's coachman, who was with him in India. I landed big fish there. Judge for yourself. There is an old wife's legend which runs that a death at Doon House is always preceded by an apparition on the Brig o' Doon. Your uncle has a superstitious dread of this legend and anything thereto pertaining. From only one window in the house can the Brig be seen. That window is in your uncle's bedroom."

Wingate then recounted in detail the discoveries of the day, confining himself to the bare facts and never once uttering a word of comment.

"Now, two heads are better than one cocoanut. What do you make of it?"

"A patent Scotch-Indian puzzle. That's all I make of it. It's all too uncanny. You talk about heads. I'll be off mine directly if I think any more about it."

"Don't! Just tell me this. Has your uncle never asked you to stay over night at Doon House?"

"No. It's very queer, considering that he's been so friendly to me."

"Very. Well, our next step is fraught with more danger. We must occupy your cousin's bedroom instead of her tomorrow night. During the day we shall draw them to the garden. There your old horticultural mania will return to you overwhelmingly, and you will drag your cousin off to enlighten you as to the names and occupation of every distant flower. I shall take care of your uncle. Then you will ascertain, as quickly and minutely as possible, your cousin's means of exit from the house when she is the Maid of Doon. You will tell her that she must not appear in that character tomorrow night; that she is secretly to arrange to sleep in another apartment and place the lamp at her window when the coast is clear."

Wingate's plans always had finish, and they seldom failed. The following day made no exception. It was a full hour before midnight when the two concealed themselves in the shrubbery to await the signal, and soon afterward they had the satisfaction, grim as it was, of seeing the lamp at the window. Provided with rubber-soled shoes, they crept almost noiselessly round to the rear of the house, pausing always when the dog barked. Mounting the flat roof of an outhouse by means of a wide, sliding door, they were within easy reach of a window in one of the wings, and in another minute found themselves within the house. It was pitch dark, and they stood stock still. Neither had ever aspired to be shot for a burglar, and that was the present risk. The room was unfurnished.

"Watch your feet," whispered Harley, moving forward. "Steps outside the door."

They literally felt their way down to one landing and up to another, stopping when the stairs creaked, as stairs always do when you wish to move unheard. They slid into the bedroom, however, without mishap, bolting the door cautiously behind them. Wingate let down the blind softly, fixed the reading lamp over the bed, and drawing from his pocket several little pieces of tin ranged them along the foot. One each of these he shook out a little heap of yellow brown powder; then with a box of safety tacks under his hand he sat down near the door, motioning Harley, strangely bewildered, to sit down beside him. One hour—two hours passed. The suspense was unbearable.

Three hours had almost gone, and Harley, whose eyes had kept faithful sentry from the window to the face of his companion, was just about to shake the latter, who seemed to be dozing, when a hand was laid on his arm, and Wingate strained forward listening. Something stirred overhead. A faint sound—a pause—the same sound again! Yes, the window was going up—going by inches, and at intervals. The sound ceased. Something napped very lightly against the window. For several minutes it continued—now hard—now light—now

stopping altogether as a blind might at an open window. There was an especially hard stop, followed by a clicking sound, and the motion ceased. Wingate rose to his feet, slipped on his foot to the window, peered behind the blind and glided back again.

A slight sound as of keys against metal, then the stiffness of a chair. Motionless they sat, their eyes riveted to the window. Minutes passed. Suddenly, but without agitation, Wingate pointed to a dark object crawling slowly along the wall right above the bed. Both men moved toward it for a closer inspection. All at once Wingate dragged his friend back.

"My God!" he gasped, "a tarantula—a black tarantula! Its bite is certain death."

Just as he whispered the spider dropped on the pillow, and the sight of it sprawling there with its fiery eyes and hairy body sent a cold chill to the very heart of Harley. But for a merciful Providence what fate would have been his Nelly's!

"Let me kill the accursed thing!" he whispered hoarsely, springing forward.

"And while he held him there, lo! the lovers escaped!"

As Wingate released his hold there was a sound of carriage wheels without. The colonel, still panting, threw up the window sash and thrust his head out. A wagonette was passing from the back of the house into the avenue. From behind a heap of packages his nephew bowed, grinning, and his niece smilingly kissed her hand. The colonel drew in, redhot.

"You meddling jackanapes, this is your doing."

"And my glory," returned Wingate, again the imperturbable lawyer, with his back to the door.

"With my carriage and my coachman too!" He rang the bell furiously.

"Another man's coachman now."

After much ringing came not the butler, but the housemaid.

"Where's Brown?" bellowed her master.

"He's—he's unwell, sir."

"Drunk, she means," interjected Wingate. "My arrangement, colonel."

The colonel turned purple.

"Tell the groom to saddle Damascus and bring him round this instant."

"As well tell him to saddle the Alps," said Wingate, his back again to the door.

"Firstly, because the butler is, so is the groom. Secondly, because the horses are taking the air, as we were, in the field by the glen. Also my arrangement."

Yellow to the eyes, the colonel sat down.

"Harley will pay for this. The scamp will never handle a penny of mine."

Wingate exploded: "Hol' hol'! You funny old man! The solemn way you joke! Duff humor that, eh? A man worth £70,000 handle a penny of yours?"

The colonel exhausted the rainbow and began again.

"Now, colonel, enough of this. I'll tell you what you're going to do. I've had a rather heavy day's work, and you're going to ask me to join you at dinner. After that you're going to ask me to smoke one of your fine Indian cigars, which will really go high."

"Indeed! You take affairs into your own hand."

"Precisely. They are mine. I'm a lawyer, and I hunger."

"And why should I ask you, pray? Why?"

"Because, while an open window at night may sometimes conduce to sleep everlasting, it doesn't always insure longevity. Sometimes it insures the reverse. Now you understand?"

Like a cowed animal, the colonel sat as white as death. Wingate laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Colonel, this is the second time you've played for hell—the second time I've made you fizzle and saved you. The first time was on Prestwick links. Both times you've been ungrateful."

Hours had passed. The sun had set, leaving the heavens a glory of purple afterglow that men travel the world to see and come home to find in Ayrshire.

The lawyer's instructions had been implicitly obeyed, and the two men were still sitting at the dinner table, smoking in silence, when footsteps were heard on the gravel outside, and a telegram was handed to Wingate. He looked at the colonel as he opened it.

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BUILDING UP THE CHURCH.

Nothing of the picturesque was lacking in the solemn service with which the corner stone of the second St. Timothy's church was laid yesterday afternoon. The brave old oak made a beautiful frame for the scene in which the white-robed clergymen, the piles of earth and stone, and congregation completed the ensemble, occupying the gentle height where the old church stood for fifty years and more. And if there is any thing in omens, they were all on the right side, for the gloom of a rainy afternoon disappeared just before four o'clock and the sunlight streamed through the trees, and upon the rough flooring, where the second structure is soon to rise. The weather prohibited the carrying out of all the original plans and those who assembled massed themselves as best they could, about the northeast corner where the ceremony took place.

The clerical party marched from the rectory in single file, to the processional hymn "The Church's One Foundation," with Archdeacon Brown, personal representative of the bishop, at their head. The venerable rector, of Wooster, the Rev. J. W. Orcraft, read the opening portions of the service, followed by the Rev. D. F. Davies, of Mansfield. The rector of St. Timothy's, the Rev. Edward L. Kemp then read this brief historical sketch, which was subsequently deposited in the corner stone:

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

"St. Timothy's church was incorporated March 3, 1834. The first vestry was elected June 7, 1835, and was composed of the following persons: James Duncan, D. Jarvis, George Faine, H. B. Harris, C. K. Skinner, S. S. Fuller, and J. S. Johnson. On the 15th of June, 1836, S. S. Fuller was elected warden and E. Fitzgerald, secretary. S. S. Fuller, D. Jarvis, and Matthew Johnson were appointed agents of the vestry to build a church. The corner stone was laid on the 29th of September, 1836, and the church consecrated on the 13th of May, 1843—both offices by the Rev. Charles P. Mollvaine, D. D., bishop of Ohio.

"The following clergymen have been rectors of the church: Rev. John Swan, from July 17, 1836, to August, 1845; Rev. Aaron Ark, from July 26, 1846 to May 11, 1851; Rev. Edward H. Cummings, from October 1, 1851, to April 3, 1858; Rev. H. H. Morrell, from July 1, 1858, to July 1, 1868; Rev. George W. Timlow, from February 1, 1867, to May 1, 1871; Rev. W. H. Dean, from October 1, 1871, to January 1, 1873; Rev. W. M. Proscio, from May 15, 1873, to March, 1877; Rev. Robert D. Brooks, from October 1, 1877, to April 20, 1885. Rev. Edward L. Kemp took charge on the first Sunday in Advent, November 29, 1885.

"On the 27th of June, 1886, the foundation of the new rectory was commenced. The house was occupied November 3, 1886. On the 14th of November the semi-centennial anniversary of the parish was celebrated, and on the following Monday evening the rectory was blessed and a reception held. The Rev. Fleming James, D. D., of Gambier, and the Rev. A. B. Nicholas, general missionary of the diocese, took charge of the services, together with the rector, Rev. E. L. Kemp.

"On the 3rd day of October, 1889, ground was broken by the rector, for Grace chapel, for colored people. The first service was held on Ash Wednesday, February 19, 1890. Total cost of day, chapel and furniture, \$2,360.63. The chapel was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. W. A. Leonard, D. D., Sunday, July 6, 1890.

"The last service was held in old St. Timothy's church on Christmas day, 1892. On the 14th of February, 1893, the corner stone was taken down and the box opened. The following articles were in the box, viz: Sundry business cards, a three dollar bill issued by the old bank of Massillon, signed by A. Baldwin, president, and P. Handy, cashier; a printed history of the church and the town of Massillon, list of original members of the church, the act of incorporation, list of the clergy of the diocese of Ohio, copy of the Gambier Observer and Episcopal Recorder, Bishop Mollvaine's second charge to the convention, general convention journal of 1835, and package of Massillon Gazette.

"These have all been placed in the new corner stone, together with the following names of present wardens and vestrymen; copies of the Journal of the general convention of 1892, and diocesan journal of 1893; copies of daily papers and church papers; list of state officers; history of the church to date. Photograph of the old church; poster issued by the local paper announcing the assassination of President Lincoln, at F. R. D. theatre, on the 14th of April, 1865; copy of invitation to present corner stone laying; journal of the 27th annual convention held in St. Timothy's church, in 1841. (Of the thirty-four clergymen present at that convention, but one is now living.) Order of service; photograph of memorial lecture presented by the Focke family. Names of members of the choir; copy bible and prayer book.

"List of St. Timothy's church, July 6th, 1893. Augustus J. Ricks, senior warden; James R. Dunn, junior warden; Edward B. Upham, treasurer; Theodore H. Focke, secretary; Charles M. Russell, Charles A. Gates, G. L. Albrecht, Thos. J. Dillon, James Peacock, Edwin L. Arnold. Building committee, O. M. Russell, C. A. Gates, T. H. Focke, Jas. Peacock, trs."

Archdeacon Brown preceded the laying of the corner stone by making a very brief informal address, congratulating the congregation upon the auspicious beginning of their work, paying an appreciative tribute to the superb site, with its spacious grounds and eminence, declaring it to be unquestionably the finest church property in the diocese of Ohio, as the new structure would be the most perfect church building in the diocese. He then diverted his remarks to a rapid glance at the Episcopal church. With mention of the magnificent new Methodist church on one side, and pointing to the tall spire of the new Roman Catholic church on the other, he said that the scene suggested to him the true position of the Episcopal church among the other denominations, the via media, with a history extending back to the apostolic times, and a

foundation so broad that all might secure abundant foothold thereon. He spoke of the growth of the church, especially in this diocese, and protested against the frequent assumption that the Episcopal church could flourish only in large cities. When it had an equal start with other denominations, he declared, it had invariably held its own, and in proof of this, pointed to the work now going forward in the West.

Concluding his happy little address, and then taking his position with the masons at the corner stone, with a trowel the archdeacon made the sign of the cross in the mortar which the workmen spread upon the upper course of the foundation, and after the stone had been lowered and declared level and plumb, tapping it three times he pronounced these words:

"By the authority of William Andrew Leonard, D. D., bishop of Ohio, I, William Montgomery Brown, lay the corner stone of St. Timothy's church, in the name of the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost."

Brief congratulatory addresses followed the corner stone laying by the Rev. C. W. Hollister, Ph. D., of Akron, and the Rev. D. F. Davies, of Mansfield. As a recessional the choir sang "O Mother Dear, Jerusalem," and the brief service so impressive by its simplicity, was over.

The absence of Bishop Leonard, caused by a death in his family, was a great disappointment to the congregation, but his representative, Archdeacon Brown, performed the pleasant task with dignity and good taste. The visiting clergy were given a luncheon, in the rectory, by the ladies of the congregation. The table was beautifully arranged and the social features throughout delightful. The order of exercises as observed was as follows:

Processional—Hymn 292.
Credo and collects.
Saint Simon and Saint Jude.
Saint Michael and all Angels.
The Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
All Saints Day and Lord's Prayer.
Lesson—Ephesians 2:2 vs 49.
Hymn—44.
History of Church and contents of box.
Address by Archdeacon Brown.
Laying of Corner Stone by Archdeacon Brown.
Address by Rev. C. W. Hollister, Ph. D.
Hymn—44.
Address by Rev. D. F. Davies.
Notice.
Offertory. Doxology.
Benediction.
Recessional.

The visiting ministers present were: The Archdeacon of the diocese the Rev. W. M. Brown, of Cleveland; the Rev. J. W. Orcraft, of Wooster; the Rev. D. F. Davies, of Mansfield; the Rev. H. M. Green, of Canton; the Rev. C. W. Hollister, Ph. D., of Akron, and the Rev. Robert Kell, of Ouyahoga Falls.

COMMISSIONER WEARS TLER.

He Has Something to Say About County Finances.

County Commissioner Wears Tler says that of late there has been an annual deficiency in the county of from \$20,000 to \$25,000 per year, which has been met by transferring money from other funds.

This year, however, the conditions are not nearly so favorable. In the Alliance Review Mr. Wears Tler says: There are increased expenses and \$20,000 of bonds to be paid, while the property valuation of the county has been decreased to \$4,000,000, owing to the reduction made by the state board of equalization. This would mean a very serious reduction in the total revenue to be realized, and hence it is necessary this year to make the tax levy four and five-tenths mills, an increase of six tenths of a mill. An levy of one mill will bring to the county treasury about \$40,000. The commissioners collect for the county fund levy as much as the law will permit, which is now 2.1 mills.

The court house improvement is provided for by a special levy and it is expected to be so gradual as not to be felt. The plans and specifications for this work can be seen by contractors at the court house, and bids can there be prepared. It is as yet a question whether Bares, Massillon or Dundee stone will be used, probably the latter if sufficient quantity can be secured.

THE GRAIN ALL RIGHT.

Dry Weather Has not Wrought Much Damage to Crops.

A prominent farmer who owns one of the best farms in Tuscarawas township speaking of grain and the harvest in general, said this morning, that the dry spell which has just been experienced in this part of the state, has not wrought any very great damage, at least on his and neighboring farms.

Wheat is looking better than at this time last year. The work of cutting it was commenced a week or more ago and over half of it is now harvested. Corn has received something of a setback on account of the lack of rain, but the storm of today will aid considerably in maturing.

The oats crop will be harvested a little later than usual, probably about the first of next month. Taken altogether the harvest this year will result very satisfactorily to the farmers.

The Case Was Settled.

The case of Leonard Millwood, the side show man who, on the day that the Robinson circus exhibited in Massillon, was arrested for showing without a license, was to have been heard today. The case was settled, however, by John O. Garrett, attorney for Millwood, by the payment of the costs.

The case of John Blotz charged by Mrs. Basler with assault and battery will be heard by the mayor this afternoon. The trouble arose over the trespassing of a cow. Attorney R. A. Pinn represents the plaintiff.

Beach City Satisfied.

J. M. Shetler has been appointed postmaster at this place, and will assume the duties of the office in a few days. Of all the Democrats in town there is not one that we would rather have seen appointed than Mr. Shetler. He is the father of Beach City, so to speak, and this appointment we feel assured will meet the approbation of all our people. Austin A. Hay, the retiring postmaster, has made a splendid official, and the people, regardless of politics, dislike to see him give up the office, although his place will be filled by a kind and accommodating gentleman.

The wonderful cures of thousands of people—their tell the story of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Cures.

ON GOTHAM'S ROOFS.

A NEW FACTOR IN NEW YORK AMUSEMENTS.

The Theatrical Roof Gardens Where All Classes but the Poor Congregate—Roof Parties of the Poor—Hot Weather Amusements in a Great City.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, July 6.—The theatrical roof garden has become a factor in the amusements of this city. It is an outgrowth of the constantly increasing craving for a seat of entertainment that imposes no mental effort whatever upon the entertained, and it came into being somewhat after this fashion: When the projectors of the Casino were casting about for some unique feature to introduce into their proposed playhouse, it was suggested that they borrow an idea from the German beer garden and provide a place where patrons of the theater could sit for a time in the open air, drink cooling beverages and listen to music. Land in the heart of Gotham was high, and this precluded the location of this open air resort upon the level of the street, and besides it would not be a novelty there.

But a point might be taken from the success of a certain Paris cafe chantant, which is located on the top of the building and has become famous on that account. A garden on the roof would provide the place for the music and the drinking and would be cooler and pleasanter than at a lower level. More than that, it would be new in New York. So it was decided to make the roof of the theater flat, to furnish it with chairs and tables, to decorate it with palms and other green things growing in boxes and to provide orchestral music and innocuous drinks.

New York tried the new way of amusing itself when it was ready and pronounced it good. The beautiful resort under the stars was a hit. The breezes, the colored lights with which it was adorned, the music, were all greatly admired. The noises of the street were so far below that they blended harmoniously with the brass and strings of the orchestra. All was satisfactory saving and excepting the refreshments. There was a clamor for something stronger than lemonade and the like. In response to this demand the sparkling vintage of champagne and beer and whisky and all the rest were introduced. Then came a boom both to the roof garden and the wine trade. A wine merchant told me yesterday that he has never known of such a poggling of corks as immediately followed the innovation. "More champagne was consumed during the first week," he said, "than was ever before drunk in the same time and space anywhere in the world."

It does not take amusement managers in New York long to learn a lesson, and the success of the Casino roof garden was quickly taken to heart. When the American Amusement company decided to build the new Madison Square Garden, a roof garden was included in the scheme. But in this case it was not proposed to restrict the equipment to chairs and tables, a few musicians, colored lights and some greenery. It was designed to have a theater on the roof as well as below it, and a stage, small, but excellently appointed and well adapted to variety performances, was built. The town in the meantime had gone wild over eccentric dancing, Carmenita, who when performing at Niblo's Garden at \$15 a week had not received half a dozen complimentary notices from the press, had become the idol of all classes.

Miss Lois Fuller, a not very good looking but very clever young woman, had invented a performance consisting of postures, diaphanous draperies and colored lights which she called a serpentine dance, and this was made a feature. Other dancers were engaged, and so were performers on queer musical instruments and singers of songs and acrobats. In short, a complete vaudeville company was put upon the little stage under the sky. The attendance was large from the start, and so was the stream of dollars that flowed into the coffers of the management. The stockholders were much better pleased with this part of their big amusement building than they were with the amphitheater, for it never paid.

The Casino management had to fall in line in the matter of stage entertainment, of course, and the resort on the roof there was quickly transformed into a theater. This season two more roof gardens have been established—at the Manhattan Opera House and the American theater. They have both been well attended, and so have the older ones. One of the results has been strong competition for good vaudeville performers, and the merry folk who devote their lives to driving dull care away from the rest of us have profited thereby, for though the best of their class are secured for the roof gardens their monopolization in that direction has created vacancies in the lower ranks, and many are prosperous this summer who have been wont to pass the warm season in a "strapped" condition. It is likely that more roof gardens would be as well supported as those already running, and it

is certain that others will be established. The new style of amusement resort is affected by a great variety of persons. The audiences are capital subjects for study on the part of the writer who is seeking for types. They are equally good as sketching ground for the character artist. There you may see well-gowned women with flashing eyes, and well-groomed men, and visitors from over sea, and brides and grooms, and sightseers from the interior, and a great fraction of all present will be entertained quite as much by their fellow seekers for pleasure as by the performance on the stage, for the roof garden crowd is still a novelty to most persons. Not the least interesting element of the attendance is furnished by the Germans. Scattered about at the tables, they sit in family groups, father and mother and sons and daughters, watching the stage with more or less interest and drinking their beer with a placid matter of course air that the American does not always attain.

Another interesting element—but to enumerate would be to fill pages instead of a column or two. It is enough to say that at the roof gardens you will find "all sorts and conditions of men." But that is not quite true after all, for the poor never go there. It takes money to go to the roof gardens, and the poor do not have money.

"You have no idea," said a student of metropolitan life to me a day or two ago, "how much money is expended on the roofs every week, and neither have I, but I have made a little calculation that may give an inkling. Suppose that, allowing for bad weather, the nightly attendance at all the gardens is only \$50. Let us fix upon 50 cents as the portion of the price paid for the ticket of admission to the theater that is allowed to the garden. This would amount to \$125 a night or \$2,975 a week of seven performances. Say that an average of 50 cents is paid out for drinks and cigars for every person who visits the garden—and this is not high—and there is another little sum. The total weekly receipts then would be \$5,950. The Fresh Air fund is a noble charity, and this sum given to it to expend in taking children into the country, allowing the expense to be \$1 for each child, would give nearly 6,000 children a taste of rural life one day in every week. You see, he went on, that we Americans are getting so that we spend a good deal of money all the while in ways that our sturdy forefathers would hardly have approved."

But when I asked him what he proposed to do that evening he said he thought he should take in one of the roof gardens.

I have said that you may meet all classes but the poor at the theatrical roof gardens. And that is true, but the poor of New York have their own roof gardens with most of the accessories of the expensive ones of the theaters. These roof gardens are on the tops of the tenement houses, and, as in the case of the theaters, no admission fee is charged if you have a place in the house below. There are rarely chairs or tables, but stools and boxes and cushions and old blankets serve instead for resting places. Maybe the decorations are confined to flapping clothes hung on the line to dry. The music perhaps is evolved from a wheezy accordion by a young girl dressed in a ragged cotton gown, and she probably plays such classics as "The Bowery" and "Maggie Murphy's Home." Her auditors very likely help her along by singing with such semblance of harmony as they can command.

There is drinking, too, at these poor men's gardens as well as at the theaters, and the beverage consumed is mostly beer. Lemonade is at a discount, and "champagne water" very few of those who keep cool on these roofs know how it tastes. And because they have not been so carefully trained as the better dressed revelers up town these men sometimes fight and are banged away to the station by policemen. But then there are sometimes disorderly persons at the theatrical gardens too. The roof gardens of the poor are occupied later than those of the rich, for when the nights are very hot it is almost impossible to sleep in the stifling little rooms of the tenements, and the people roll themselves up in their blankets without removing their clothing and sleep till morning calls them to begin the struggle again.

There is no reason why the rich of New York should not imitate their humble brethren and establish private roof gardens on their own houses. Some who do not leave the city during the heat of term are said to have done this already, and on the night of the Fourth of July just past and on many previous Fourth thousands of house-tops were temporarily

SERGEES GLORIFIED.

OLIVE HARPER SAYS THEY NEVER SHRINK, WRINKLE NOR FADE.

Nor Will Fog or Spray Ever Harm Them—A Beautiful Summer Poem—Suits For Little Boys and Misses—The Usual Fashion Gossip.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, July 6.—Whenever I think of the sea it brings to my mind the lovely poem written by Walkout Grindler, called a seashore idyl. It runs thus:

Down by the seashore resting
At the last lone hour of eve,
Lol a maiden upon the sand snoozing,
And the waves would come in and then leave.

Still slept the maiden so peaceful
Till morning dawned bright in the sky,
And she woke from her innocent slumber,
And lo! there were lobsters close by—
Green lobsters from out of the sea,
Aye, the depths of the translucent sea,
And they nibbled her toes off—oh, me!

I will not comment on the poem, but will devote my attention to the pretty dresses now being worn for seaside wear, and will hope that the maidens fair who wear them will be careful about falling asleep on the sands.

SERGEES FOR THE SEASIDE.

In the first place a word should be said as to the material best adapted for seaside wear, and that is by all means serge. It never wrinkles or shrinks, and it never fades, so that a downpour of rain, a heavy fog or a dash of spray will not harm it. Up till this season there were only black, blue or white serges, but now they come in stripes of different colors, in plain and in some few figures, so that serge is the most useful of the woollen fabrics put forth this season. It will take almost any trimming, even lace of certain kinds.

One very stylish and novel frock for a young lady was made in the new shadow weave of serge, where there are shadow half rings and dots, white on a blue ground. The skirt was plain gored, and around the bottom and half way up the skirt was a trimming made of the embroidered edge of pongee ruffling, made color, with blue embroidery. There was a pierrot ruffle at the neck and bow-ties. The sleeves were small balloon puffs and worn with long suede gloves.

Speaking of gloves reminds me to say that very few ladies will wear gloves during this summer, even for calling. Kid gloves are too warm, and to the most of people silk or lisle thread gloves are distasteful. Mitts are undeniably ugly, covering as they do the prettiest part of the hand and leaving the fingers exposed. For yachting and for all the outdoor purposes gloves are strictly tabooed by almost every one. None go with gloves this summer save those whose hands are not pretty.

To return to the pretty girl's seaside costume. She wears a rough and ready chip hat, with a mass of cardinal satin ribbon on it, and carries a pink parasol, with cream ruffles of light lace. She gives the idea of a field flower born of the hot sun and the waving grain.

Her little sister also has a serge dress in blue and white stripes, with self trimming and a sort of harness of dark blue velvet. Her hat is of rough and ready or porcupine straw, with some unspoiled

BEWARE OF CRUDE COCCAS SOLD AS "BOLUBLE"

Van Houten's Cocoa

"BEST AND COEST FARTHEST"
Is Manufactured on Scientific Principles. Highly Digestible and Nutritious, known all over the civilized globe as the Peer of all Cocos.


No Money Required of Responsible Parties to Commence Treatment

DOCTORS FRANCE & OTTMAN.

formerly of New York, now of THE FRANCE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, TUTE, Columbus, Ohio, by request of many friends and patients, have decided to visit

MASSILLON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2.

Consultation and Examination Free and Strictly Confidential in the Private Parlor of the Conrad Hotel, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., one day only. The Doctors describe the different diseases better than the sick can themselves. It is a wonderful gift for any one to possess. Their diagnostic powers have created The Electropathic Treatment for all forms of Female Diseases, and the treatment of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood and Errors of Youth, is recognized to be the most successful method ever discovered as used by Drs. France & Ottman.



DR. OTTMAN

THE EXAMINING PHYSICIAN OF THE
FRANCE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.
33 & 40 W. Gay St., one block N. of State House, Columbus, O., Incorporated, 1886. Capital, \$300,000

DRS. FRANCE AND OTTMAN, of New York, the well known and successful Specialists in Chronic Diseases and Diseases of the Eye and Ear, on account of their large practice in Ohio, have established the FRANCE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, where all forms of Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases will be successfully treated on the most Scientific Principles. They are aided by a full corps of eminent Physicians and Surgeons, each one being a well known specialist in his profession.

CANCER positively cured without pain or use of the knife, by a new method.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—DR. FRANCE, after years of experience, has discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases peculiar to the sex. Female diseases are cured by the new remedy **OLIVE BLOSSOM**. The cure is effected by home treatment. Entirely harmless and easily applied. Consultation Free and Strictly Confidential. Correspondence promptly answered.

YOUNG MEN—Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit, which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of excellent talent and brilliant intellect, may call with confidence.

DRS. FRANCE AND OTTMAN, after years of experience, have discovered the greatest cure known for weakness in the back and limbs, involuntary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, languor, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, emphysema, trembling, dimness of sight or blindness, diseases of the head, throat, nose, or skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach, or bowels—those terrible disorders arising from the solitary vice of youth—and secret practices, blighting their most radiant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage impossible. Take one candid thought before it is too late. A week or month may place you on your feet and the reach of hope. Our method of treatment will speedily and permanently cure the most chronic cases, and absolute recovery is perfect method.

TO MIDDLE AGED MEN—There are many from the age of 30 to 60 who are troubled with frequent erections of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight burning or smarting sensation, weakening the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits, aropy sediment will be found, or the color will be thin or milky blue. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, who with a second examination of the urine, will find a second stage of venereal weakness. We will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

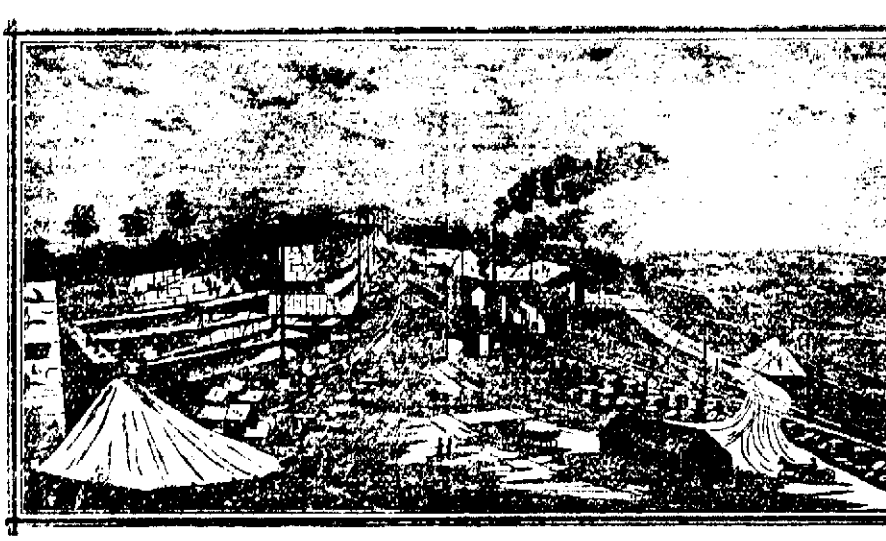
PRIVATE DISEASES—Blood Poison, Venereal Taint, Gleet, Stricture, Seminal Emissions, Loss of Sexual Power, Weakness of Sexual Organs, Want of Desire in Male or Female, whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual habits of mature years, or any cause that debilitates the sexual function, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Absolute cures guaranteed. Send for our new free from observation to all parts of the United States.

SEE EXAMINATION OF THE URINE—Each person applying for treatment should send 1 or 2 ounces of urine (not past) in a clean bottle, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopical examination, and from this a correct diagnosis will be given. Persons named in health by unskilled physicians, who have been told that they are diseased, and who have passed up to the present time, are in danger of losing their health. Do not delay, but send for our new free from observation to all parts of the United States.

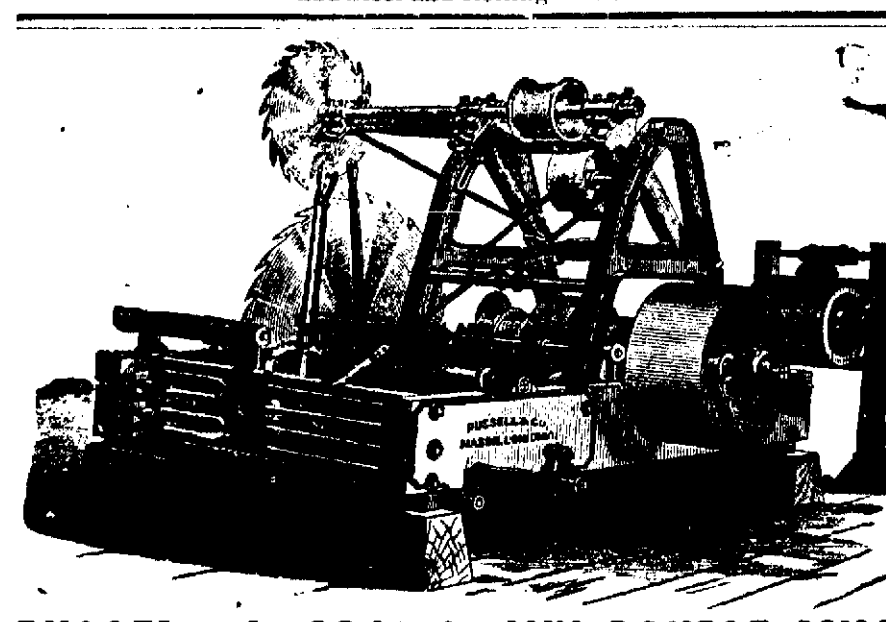
WONDERFUL CURES

Persons named in health by unskilled physicians, who have been told that they are diseased, and who have passed up to the present time, are in danger of losing their health. Do not delay, but send for our new free from observation to all parts of the United States.

THE MASSILLON QUARRIES—WALKHORST & CO



Manufactures of Grindstones for Wet and Dry Grinding. Block and Dimension Stone. Superior Sand washed and dry ground, for Glass works, and Steel and Rolling Mills.



RUSSELL & CO'S HEAVY DOUBLE MILL

(SPECIFICATIONS N.)
The Best Mill for the Money ever offered.
CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST describing our Engines, Thrashers and Saw Mills.
RUSSELL & CO., Massillon, Ohio.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1893

The waves that come down the canal from Fulton, bear the news that Doctor Ikert will hear again from that "postoffice. Brother Ikert may wish he hadn't."

There is nothing like wheat to bring back our gold.—Youngstown Vindicator

But it is like making a rabbit pie—first get your wheat.

Two hundred divorces were handled in the Stark county courts in the twelve months past, which goes to show that Stark is a great county in every respect, including some not altogether admirable.

One solution of the financial question would be for all the men who know anything about it to stop talking and go to work, and leave it to those who do.—Sidney Journal

And then the Journal gives us a column and a half on the subject.

Ask the iron workers of Zanesville if they had heard anything of financial distress previous to the election of Cleveland.—Zanesville Signal

Oh yes. Some of them took Democratic papers. Now they don't have to take papers to hear of it

Over in Canton, the salary of the board of elections suddenly went up to \$900 each, except the clerk, who was to get \$1,200. How this came about is a mystery. Canton needs legislation like that which governs Youngstown.—Youngstown Vindicator

Yes; but we're after the colored gentlemen, we'll have him out of the wood pile when the legislature meets again.

The first appropriation of the state to the new Massillon asylum will be spent almost exclusively in Massillon. The stone will be dug out of our own home quarries, and the biggest item under the head of expenditures this fall will be for labor. The state will drop just about \$60,000 into Massillon between the middle of August and winter.

Concerning the free coinage amendment sought to be attached to the so-called Sherman law, the following facts are interesting. In the senate this amendment carried by a vote of 27 Democrats and 15 Republicans against 3 Democrats and 22 Republicans. When the amendment came up in the house there were 112 Democrats and 22 Republicans for it, and 22 Democrats and 130 Republicans against it.

The flow of money back to the banks has begun, and much of the unnatural business trouble is subsiding. The withdrawal of so much currency from safe places of deposit produced a very natural consequence, in inciting the noble army of burglars to unusual efforts. These house-breaking operations have been going on all over the country and have no doubt had much to do in restoring money to its proper channels.

The Wooster Republican adds this word about the removal of Mrs. Lester by our gallant Congressman Ikert: "Undoubtedly Wooster members of the old 4th Ohio, will remember among the Canton boys in Co. F, who enlisted even before Lincoln called for men, one George Lester, a sturdy lad with freckled face and red hair. It is his word now in need, who has just been removed as postmistress at Canal Fulton in the way that THE MASSILLON INDEPENDENT tells about."

The Cleveland Leader goes to the trouble of explaining that wool is low partly because the clip has increased from 1,983,396,000 pounds in 1887 to 2,456,773,600 pounds in 1891—a rate considerably more rapid than that of the increase in consumption; and partly because the wool tariff may be repealed before the present clip can be manufactured and sold. There is no longer any need of elaborating upon these well ascertained facts. It is not necessary to labor with our brethren of the free trade faith as heretofore. A good deal of sham and pretense has fallen to the ground of late. Truths have been striking most emphatically at pocket books, and their full force is felt and understood.

Farmers are being fleeced by a "glit edged butter compound," which is being extensively advertised. According to the advertisements, a pinch of the compound put in a churn with one pound of soft butter will transfer the latter into two pounds of good butter. The compound is simply pepsin. Mixed with butter it produces an emulsion which enables the butter to take up an equal weight of milk without altering its appearance materially. Any other digestive ferment, such as rennet, will accomplish the same result. The compound is sold at the rate of \$2.50 for a two-ounce box, the actual value being

at three cents. One disadvantage of its use is that butter manufactured in the way described quickly spoils. This is only another adulterated food product, and is in need of exposure.

SOME BURNING CORRESPONDENCE

Tr. — is a young man, resident of Walnut Creek, Holmes county. He has written within the past few days to a friend in Stark county saying, "If you hear of any position as bookkeeper and clerk in your town and could secure one for me, I would," etc. THE INDEPENDENT is permitted to publish the following, which was sent in reply: "I should advise you by all means not to seek employment away from home at this time. Throughout the country, especially in the towns and cities, factories are closing down, and men are being discharged. In Massillon, for example, one firm—that of Russell & Co., which usually employs 1,000 men, has suspended all but 400. In Canton, the Duober works, employing 2,000 men and women, has shut down entirely, and it is not known when work will be resumed. Wool, as you know, has already declined to less than twenty cents a pound. Of course this is largely due to the election of Mr. Cleveland and a Democratic congress. The Democratic promise of free trade is already producing free trade effects, and the poorer classes are the very first to feel the results. Is it not too bad? With kindest regards to Holmes county people, I am"

FREE TRADE PROSPECTS

The Democratic papers of the country seeking to avoid responsibility for trade conditions plainly resultant from the expectation of free trade laws, point to the fact that the McKinley bill is still in operation, and that not a single new policy respecting the tariff has been inaugurated, as yet, by the new administration. While this is apparently true, it is in fact grossly misleading. It will be remembered that between the time of the passage of the McKinley law and its going into effect, our custom houses were packed with importations which increased an hundred fold in view of the approaching change in schedules, and that as the final hour drew near, thousands of importers clamored for opportunity to pay the old duty and could not, from sheer inability on the part of the custom house officers to settle accounts with the great number with whom they had business.

If this was the case when a protective measure was about to become operative, it must be apparent that the reverse is likely to be true in the face of a free trade probability. It is contrary to reason to suppose that the manufacturers will proceed under protective laws, with free trade substitutes in sight.

GOVERNOR FLOWER.

Governor Flower, of New York, may be a Democrat and may bend the knee to Tammany hall, but he has redeeming qualities. It will be remembered that the governor took a hand in settling things last summer, during the cholera scare, and that he remarked with emphasis: "I don't care a damn for votes." Less terse but no less brilliant was his talk at Watertown, New York, a few days ago, when a run was in progress on the Jefferson county savings bank. Standing on the steps of that institution he said:

"In panicky times like these, when the people all want their money, you by your actions force the banks to keep a larger amount on hand than usual. I get this money the bank officials have to refuse to loan money on mortgages and also refuse to loan it on commercial paper, and therefore, you restrict trade and thereby throw labor out of employment."

"To illustrate what this bank is, suppose that each of you have \$20. You place it in a bank. With it the bank buys good bonds or discounts a note for some merchant, or takes a mortgage on some farm. Afterward, you demand your money from the bank. By your action you force the bank to foreclose on the mortgages held by it. The merchant is compelled to pay his note or suspend business, and the bank is forced to dispose of its bonds. This by your action in this instance is demanding money which you do not want you are forcing the foreclosure of mortgages and driving men from their homes and compelling the suspension of business, I desire generally."

The observations from Governor Flower can be made to point a moral and adorn a tale in many localities at the present time.

Don't You Know.

That to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors, and at the same time builds up the whole system and gives nerve strength.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c. of C. I. Hood, & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Advertised Letters.
List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon, July 11:

LADIES.
Cantrell, Ella J.
Lambert, Mrs. C. C.
Helmert, Miss Minnie
Lambert, Madam

MEN.
Hills, Wm. C.
Brooks, Major
Crispino, Giuseppe
Perr, Geo. H.
Di Franco, Pietro
Fickel, E. C.
Hawkins, W.

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say advertised.

CLEMENT RUSSELL, P. M.

THE INDEPENDENT sets the pace.

COURT HOUSE AND COUNTY

CANTON, July 6.—Harry Baughman, the young man who was injured in the sham battle on Tuesday, is much better today, and the attending physicians have strong hopes for his recovery.

Mrs. John R. Gibson, whose husband is an employee in the Deuber watch works, has eloped for the second time with George Sweet, a traveling man. Gibson is looking after the couple, with blood in his eye.

Business among the manufacturers in this city is very slack. The Duober works which have been closed for a period of six weeks will resume work again on Monday. The steel works are not running and C. A. Latham & Co. are working a very small force of men. The J. H. McLain Co.'s shops and the Danner & Co.'s revolving book case factory are also idle. The Canton Cutlery Company is running only about half its usual capacity. The bridge and steel roofing works are working a full force of men.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Charles A. Belz and Nettie Hane, William Eddleman and Alice E. Gail, Emma Geant and Ellen A. Lichtenwalder, of Canton; Edwin Stern and Melville Strasser, of Massillon; William W. Beall and Edith E. Ramsey, Mahlon Lamb and Callie Weigandt, and Joseph Basse and Josephine B. S. Baser, of Canton; and Joe Skelley and Flo. Spellman, of Alliance.

Margaret Shane has been appointed administrator, with the will annexed, of Christian Shane, of Canton.

Henry Miner has been appointed guardian of Philip and Eva Miner, of Jackson township.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Massillon, first ward, James Lavin to St. Timothy's parsonage, lot No. 297.

Massillon, third ward, Regina Sibila to Frank Gensel, 1 1/2 acres, \$525.

Perry township, William F. Ricks to Theo. U. Acker, lot No. 26, Columbian Heights, \$250.

William F. Ricks to Pauline O. Schimke, lot No. 142, Columbian Heights, \$350.

Hillie N. Reed to Tina Eyster, lot No. 162, in Reedurban, \$200.

Sugar Creek township, Abraham Marchard, by sheriff, to William Brenninger, 68 acres, \$1,600; and 36 acres, \$860.

Perry township, William F. Ricks to C. O. Heggen, lot No. 147, Columbian Heights, \$300.

W. F. Ricks to A. A. Russell, lot No. 130, Columbian Heights, \$250.

W. F. Ricks to Warren E. Russell, lots No. 126 and 46, Columbian Heights, \$600.

W. F. Ricks to Joseph K. Russell, lot No. 40, Columbian Heights, \$300.

Chris Wagner to John Smith and George Snyder, 99 1/2 acres, \$5,586.

CANTON, July 7.—Felix Dick, who is engaged in the brick business in Warner avenue, while driving to the works yesterday afternoon in company with his 8-year-old son, was thrown from the high seat by a sudden jolt of the vehicle and three of his ribs were broken by both wheels of the heavy wagon passing over him. A team became frightened at the accident and ran away. The child, which had been left in the wagon was next thrown out and sustained a compound fracture of the right leg, between the ankle and knee. Both the father and son were taken to their home, and Dr. E. D. Brant, the attending physician, stated this morning that they were doing nicely. Though eight pieces of crushed bone were taken from the child's injured limb, Dr. Brant is of the opinion that amputation will not be necessary.

SALE OF THE WATER WORKS.

By virtue of an order of sale issued as the result of the action styled the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company vs. The Massillon Water Company, the sheriff will sell the Massillon water works on Saturday, August 5, at the court house to the highest bidder. The plant is appraised at \$115,000, and it is provided that the purchasers may satisfy the price with bonds and co-depositors, the same to be accepted for the amount which the holder would be entitled to receive thereon, upon the distribution of said purchase price, if the same were paid in money. Thus it will be seen that the sale is likely to be nominal only.

The proceedings were instituted by the present virtual owners, to simplify the conditions of ownership. The company was capitalized originally at \$250,000, and bonds issued for that amount. Obligations were assumed to meet the concern to the bondholders. Over latter, or rather those who hold the most of the bonds, having some difficulty in arriving at an understanding with others interested in the institution, asked for an order of sale, expecting to bid the lot or in. This they will undoubtedly do.

Amanda Jolliday and Samuel Little, have been appointed administrators of the estate of Jeremiah Jolliday, of Canton and Solomon Peffer, administrator, of Mary Peffer, of Canton.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Massillon Third ward—State of Ohio to John Ogden, 10 acres \$390.

CANTON, July 8.—Officers McCourt and Patterson returned from Wayneburg last night with Ed. Slutz and Beatty Scott, who are wanted here for burglary. On Thursday morning Slutz and Scott entered a saloon north of the city and secured \$40.00 in money. The men are old offenders, and both have served time in the work house. Their hearing is set for this afternoon.

WILL NOT RESUME YET.

The Duober-Hampden works will not open for business July 10. The unsettled condition of the money market makes this move advisable to the management, and the vacation will be extended for a couple of weeks.

Ida E. Hall has petitioned for a divorce from Benjamin F. Hall. The defendant is charged with gross neglect and extreme cruelty. The plaintiff claims that her husband repeatedly beat her and on one occasion knocked her down stairs. Hall is also charged

with selling property belonging to her and squandering the money. M. A. Hall desires to be restored to her maiden name, Ida E. Van Horn.

Maurice Hanzberger has commenced proceedings in court against Percy S. Sowers to recover \$2,500 which is due on a promissory note given by the latter.

RETURNING TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

A pathetic letter reached Canton on Thursday. It was from the Rev. Edwin F. Freese, who, until a few days since, unknown to his friends in America, lay at the point of death in Bombay, India. He left Canton six years ago for Indian missionary work. He traveled the native dialect and engaged in founding schools. Several months ago he was forced by illness to return to the seashore near Bombay for rest. He had barely escaped with his life from one attack of jungle fever three years ago. The first word received was that he was recovering; the second announcement, which reached Canton Thursday, was that the Bombay hospital physicians had certified that his illness to save his life. It is supposed that he sailed for London about a week ago, and should reach there July 21. He is expected to arrive in Canton with his family about the 10th of August.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon, second ward—Noah Madison, by executor, to Jane Feebler, part of lot No. 67, \$1,250.

Noah Madison, by executor, to Anna A. Stotler, part of lot No. 67, \$850.

Perry township, Adam Kancel to Mary Kelly, lot No. 42, in Richville, \$350.

CANTON, July 10.—The news of Richard K. Hamilton's drowning at Meyer's lake, last evening, spread about the city like wild fire, and within a few minutes after the report reached Canton hundreds of the unfortunate young man's friends assembled at Shilling's undertaking rooms to await the coming of the ambulance bearing the body. Richard Hamilton was 21 years of age and very popular in social circles in this city, and for a number of years had been employed as a salesman in Caldwell's dry goods house, where he was highly esteemed by his employers and fellow clerks. Mr. Hamilton left the city for the lake late in the afternoon for the sole purpose of bathing.

Being an expert swimmer, as soon as he had entered the water he struck out for the center of the lake. People who were watching Hamilton saw him turn and swim seaward toward the shore.

He had almost reached the bathing house platform when he was noticed to throw up his hands and sink. He had been under the water for several minutes before any efforts were made to reach him, when several of the bathers realized that something had happened, and immediately swam to the spot where he was last seen. The body was not recovered, however, until a young man from North Lawrence threw off his clothes and after diving several times found the drowned man lying flat upon the bottom. Hamilton was taken to land and everything possible was done to revive him, but to no avail. The body was taken to his home in East Tuscarawas street, where he lives with his parents. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon.

JOHANN'S BODY FOUND.

The dead body of a man was found in Muskegon lake, six miles south of Akron, yesterday afternoon, which, after being taken to Akron by the authorities was identified as Joseph Johann, who mysteriously disappeared from his home in Housel street, in this city, about one week ago. Johann has been partially drowned for some time, and it is thought he committed suicide. He leaves a wife and several children. The body was so badly decomposed that the authorities were obliged to bury it in Akron.

The Rev. L. C. Hallock, of Marlboro, who has many friends in this city, was seriously injured at Massville yesterday by being kicked by a horse. In stepping from his buggy, he slipped and fell under the horse's feet.

M. M. Southworth, superintendent of the Fairmount Children's Home, Alliance, is in the city today. Mr. Southworth reports ninety-five children, and the health of the home is extraordinarily good.

Joseph A. Bour is spending a week at the World's Fair.

Dr. J. E. Dougherty, who has been very ill for the past few days, was some better this morning.

Marriage licenses have been granted to R. L. Morgan and Minnie Newton, and Wm. O. Gockemeyer and Clara Clark, of Canton; Daniel E. Hoyer and Harriet Bottle, of Alliance.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Tuscarawas township—Wm. Smith to Louis and Sarah Brenner, 1 1/2 acres.

CANTON, July 11.—The statistical report of the clerk of courts for the year, commencing July 1, 1892, and ending July 1, 1893, show some very interesting figures in divorce and judgment cases. The following is the complete report:

DIVORCES.

Number pending July 1, 1892.
For adultery..... 5
For absence and neglect..... 50
For drunkenness..... 25
For other causes..... 2

Total..... 82
Cases brought within the year.
For adultery..... 15
For absence and neglect..... 44
For cruelty..... 32
For drunkenness..... 16
For other causes..... 1

Total..... 108
Total number of cases pending for the year..... 200
Cases decided within the year..... 115
Cases still pending..... 85
Number of actions brought by husband..... 53
Number of actions brought by wife..... 41
Number wherein alimony was allowed..... 41

Cases in which custody of children was given to the father..... 6
Cases in which custody of children was given to the wife..... 4


Total number rendered..... 311
Total amount adjusted..... \$28,262.24
Average for each case..... \$90.88

CIVIL JUDGMENT, ETC.

Cases pending first of the year..... 12

CRIMINAL CASES.

Cases pending first of the year..... 12



Absolutely Pure

If you wish the lightest, sweetest, finest cake, biscuit and bread, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their preparation.

The Purest and the Strongest.

Prof. Weber, official chemist to the Ohio State Food and Dairy Commission, says:


"It gives me pleasure to state that for a number of years past I have from time to time analyzed the Royal Baking Powder, and have uniformly found it to be high in leavening power and composed of pure ingredients."

H. A. Weber
State Chemist.
"Prof. of Chemistry, Ohio State University."

University of Cincinnati.

In all instances I found the Royal Baking Powder perfectly free from all substances of a hurtful nature. The claims of the manufacturers to use a chemically pure cream of tartar were substantiated. The high standard of purity adopted for the Royal Baking Powder cannot but be highly approved by those interested in public hygiene.

T. H. NORTON,
Prof. of Chemistry.



Royal is the only Baking Powder containing neither ammonia nor alum.

Cases brought within the year

Total..... 41
Sent to penitentiary..... 25
Sent to county jail..... 9
Acquitted..... 1
Suspended..... 1
Now pending..... 1

CORONER'S REPORT.

Homicide..... 3
Suicide..... 12
Accident..... 47
Unknown or natural causes..... 10

Total..... 72
Males..... 63
Females..... 9
Native born..... 4
Foreign born..... 4
Unknown..... 2

WAS IT FOUL PLAY.

It is the opinion of many that Joseph Johann, the Canton man who was found in Muskegon lake Sunday afternoon, met his death by foul play. Stones were found tied upon his person, and his feet were bound with long grass. Several wounds were discovered upon his head, caused by some blunt instrument. This discovery has caused much excitement both in Akron and Canton. When found Johann had but five cents in his pocket, and he left home with ten dollars. The coroner is holding an inquest today, and no movements will be taken in the matter until his verdict has been rendered.

Hugh Ryan, the young man who was injured by being struck on the head by a base ball, Sunday afternoon, was still unconscious at 11 o'clock this morning.

CANTON, July 12.—William Findley, as administrator for David E. Reese, who was killed in the Ft. Wayne mail train wreck at Shreve, last fall, has commenced proceedings in court against the Pennsylvania company, praying for judgment in the sum of \$10,000 for the benefit of Reese's widow and children, who have been deprived of their only support. The plaintiff claims that the wreck was caused by gross neglect and carelessness on the part of the railway company. Day, Lynch & Day are the attorneys for the plaintiff.

The Sans Souci will picnic at Meyer's lake Friday afternoon and evening.

William M. Sluss has been appointed administrator of the estate of David M. Sluss, of Louisville.

Joseph Wilder, formerly a conductor on the inter-urban line, is now employed on a city street railway line in Cleveland.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Edward S. Steepleton and Tillie Wagner, of Massillon; David Young and Charlotte A. Whitehouse, of Alliance.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon, first ward, W. K. L. Warwick to C. A. Dumbleton, lot No. 537, \$775.

Massillon, third ward—George Poor to Rosa Limbach, lots 1453 1454, \$900.

Lawrence township, Charles H. Albright to John Annakin, 65 100 acres, \$230.

TO BUY THE WATER WORKS

MR. SEGNER'S SCHEME BEFORE THE CITY COUNCIL.

A Committee Appointed to Look up the Matter. The Marshal Makes His Report. Another New Man for the Fire Department—Lots of Miscellaneous Business.

The councilmen performed their work Monday with a briskness that was an agreeable departure from the usual long sessions which it is their custom to hold. All members were present with President Hering in the chair. The report of Marshal Hagan for the quarter ending July 1, 1893, was read as follows: Number of persons imprisoned during the quarter—116. Amount of subsistence due and unpaid—\$23.00.

Mayor Reese's report of the fines and licenses collected during the quarter ending July 1, 1893, amounted to \$50.00 for the first, and \$43.00 for the second. Both reports were accepted and ordered placed on file.

MR. SEGNER'S SCHEME TAKES ROOT.

The following important resolution was then read and unanimously passed: Be it resolved by the city council that the president appoint three gentlemen to confer with the solicitor for the purpose of devising means for the purchase of the city water works to be sold at sheriff's sale, August 5, 1893. After the passage of the above, the president appointed Messrs. Segner, Matthews and Lucius as the committee.

OTHER RESOLUTIONS.

By Mr. Young—That the property owners on Cecil street from South street as far south as the first street running parallel with South street, be notified to construct curbing and gutters. Passed, Mr. Volkmer voting no.

By Mr. Lucius—That stone crossings from West Main street be laid on Jarvis Ave. on the south side of Tremont. Adopted.

MOTIONS.

By Mr. Young—That Contractor John Geis be granted \$100 on account of the East Oak street grading job. Carried.

By Mr. Segner—That the matter of the disposal of some cobble stones which are obstructing Locust street be referred to the committee on streets and alleys for investigation. Carried.

By Mr. Young—That the council employ Geo. Young to serve at the central engine house in addition to the two men now there, and at the same salary, \$55.00 per month, as they are now carrying. Carried, Mr. Cameron voting no.

Drowned in the River.

Burt Rummell, aged 9 years, while bathing in the Tuscarawas river at New Philadelphia, Sunday, with his father, Alvin Rummell, and several other men, was seized with cramps and drowned before assistance could get to him.

AN INHUMAN REVENGE.

The Cruel Act of an Incensed Woman in Carroll County.

ALLIANCE, July 11.—A report has just reached here of an act of horrible brutality that was committed at Mechanicsville, Carroll county, fifteen miles south of here, on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Emma Lang became angry at some trivial offense of the eight-year-old daughter of Nathan Ware, and seizing a pint cup filled with boiling water and dashed it into the child's face.

Screaming with pain the child started to leave the house, but before she could get out the woman refilled the cup with the boiling water and again threw it on her face and head. The little girl stumbled out of the door and fell writhing with pain. Neighbors carried her to a physician's, who dressed the burns and did what he could to alleviate her sufferings. She will be disfigured for life and may lose her eyesight. Great indignation prevails over the inhuman act and a warrant was sworn out for Mrs. Lang's arrest. She will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Burglars Are About.

Thieves are operating about town again. Last night they were especially active in Washington avenue. They broke into the homes of Jacob Porro and John Baer, where they stole coffee, sugar, eggs, meat and doubtless looked for other property which they could not get. One of the residents up that way says, "what we need is an electric light. They got in at the front windows and had to strike matches to find them."

The best

builders use only the best materials—lumber, brick, lime, cement, sand—whatever goes into the construction of a building; they employ only the best workmen and pay the best wages; they get better prices for their work than their less careful competitors, and always get the best contracts; they paint their work with

Strictly Pure White Lead

manufactured by the "Old Dutch Process" of slow corrosion, and with one of the following standard brands:

"Armstrong & McKelvey"
"Beymer-Bauman" & "Falconet"
"Davis-Chambers"

For colors they use the National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. These colors are sold in small cans, each being sufficient to tint twenty-five pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade. These brands of Strictly Pure White Lead and National Lead Co.'s Tinting Colors, are for sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York
Pittsburgh Branch,
National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blocher, a son.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clause a daughter.

Miss Kate Hoban, of Cleveland, is home for a visit.

Wm. Overton, of Carrollton, spent Sunday with his family.

Miss Annie Peacock is visiting relatives at Cambridge, Ind.

Walter Baylis is now employed at C. L. Rudolph's jewelry store.

Miss Grace Dickey, of New Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. Kate Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barkheimer spent Sunday with Canal Dover friends.

James Baylis, sr., returned on Saturday after a visit to the World's Fair.

Pictures of the new St. Timothy's church can be had of Mrs. E. A. Bachtel.

Miss Lulu Terrett, of Jarvis avenue, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Streble, in Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Perry are visiting their daughter, Mrs. John Ashton, in Canal Dover.

Mrs. Frank Hess is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. L. Blanchard, in Canton.

B. C. Rogers and family, of East End Pittsburg, are visiting W. M. Rogers, 79 Park street.

Mrs. H. B. Haribut and Miss Kate Miller, of Cleveland, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Baldwin.

Miss Adeline C. Volkmar is spending two weeks in Sandusky, O., with her friend, Miss Lena Zarbe.

Mrs. Henry Hubbard of Pittsburgh is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moore in West Tremont street.

A party of frog hunters rowed up the canal last night and captured three hundred and twelve of the little green kickers.

An inspector from the United States pension bureau has been in town several days, on routine department business.

Misses Carrie and Jennie Shoemaker have returned home after spending three weeks in Chicago and the Columbian exposition.

Harry Horan, of Pittsburg, who was at one time operator of the W. & L. E. depot, in Massillon, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Howard Watkins and daughter, Dorothy, of Pittsburg, are visiting Mrs. Watkins's mother, Mrs. Gallagher, in East Oak street.

A big U. S. church excursion will make Chippewa its destination on July 23. The train will stop at all points north of Beach City.

Gust Thels wishes to state that owing to his appointment as fireman he will not continue his barber business in South Mill street.

Mr. Charles Schaubly and Mrs. John Schwartzler and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dapl and Mrs. Joseph Grass are visiting friends in Cleveland.

Mrs. Josephine Sprenger has returned from her visit to Grand Rapids, Mich., accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ruth Sprenger.

The Rev. C. Christiansen fell from a street car while in Chicago last week sustaining a painful bruise about the head, and laming one knee.

The members of Miss Arline Webb's Sunday school class are arranging to produce a tawful little operetta, under the direction of their teacher.

There is to be a festival at St. Barbara's church, West Brookfield, on Saturday evening. Especial efforts will be made to make it a success.

At the office of the health officer reports have been received from four cases of diphtheria and two or three of measles. The general health of the city is good.

A cable dispatch was received at the office of the Howells Mining Company Monday, announcing the safe arrival at Glasgow of Consul Anthony Howells and party.

Work on the new Methodist church is progressing in such a satisfactory manner that the church people now expect to be able to occupy the Sunday school rooms sometime during September.

D. F. Marsh was called to Massillon on business. Misses Anna Rockey and Emma Unger are visiting Mrs. Geo. Lieberman in Massillon. Mr. and Mrs. A. Saybolt, Jr., Miss Mabel and Will Saybolt, and Fred Hookway formed a party that left at noon for the World's Fair.—Wooster Republican.

The local sleeping car service between Pittsburg and Chicago, via Massillon over the Ft. Wayne route, has been resumed, and hereafter a Pullman sleeper will depart daily on No. 3, leaving Pittsburg at 12:30 noon, central time, reaching Chicago the next day at 6:25 a. m., augmenting the convenient first-class World's Fair service the Pennsylvania lines offer.

Saturday morning about 9 o'clock as Luther Powell, who lives two miles east of Homeworth, was operating a self binder in cutting wheat he accidentally had his right thumb caught in a set of lever cog wheels which run that part of the machine called the butter on the Osborne binder. His thumb was entirely torn off so that it necessitated amputation at the second joint.

Miss Jessie Sharp, a pretty young milliner of Canton, on July 4, walked all the way from that city to Wooster in company with Fred Sprague, a jeweler. The walk grew out of a banter between the young people. They left Canton at 4:30 on the morning of Liberty day, and reached the home of D. F. Mackey, two miles north of Wooster, in time for supper, very tired and not anxious to try it again.

Everybody hopes that Superintendent Inman, of the Water Company, will build that proposed bathing pavilion at the city reservoir, just as soon as possible. The water is not used by the city any longer, and it is a shame that so fine a sheet can only be used by

the small boys of the unconquered age.

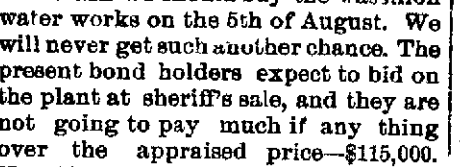
A requisition has been made by Lieutenant Schrock for fifty new fatigue uniforms for the members of the company. The Company K boys have worn their old clothes so long that they have become pretty shabby and unfit for wear at the Chicago encampment. The uniforms are expected to arrive some time during this or next week.

For over twenty years J. V. Newsletter has occupied a corner room in the Harsh block, and one of the first things he shows to visitors is an interesting old relic made in 1814 by his father, who, like the son, was a resident of Stark county. It is an old chair made by his father as a present for his father. Five generations have sat in it, and it looks as it is—a chair with a history.

MR. SEGNER HAS A SCHEME

HE PROPOSES BUYING THE WATER WORKS RIGHT NOW.

It is His Idea that They Can Be Bought at a Fairly Reasonable Price—A Plan for Raising the Money—What Other People Say About It.



Councilman Edward C. Segner of the first ward was struck with an idea last week, and the more Mr. Segner thought about that idea the better he liked it.

This is what Mr. Segner had to say about the matter this morning:

"I think we should buy the Massillon water works on the 5th of August. We will never get such another chance. The present bond holders expect to bid on the plant at sheriff's sale, and they are not going to pay much if any thing over the appraised price—\$115,000. Now if the city can get hold of the works at something like that figure, I say we ought to have them. We can run them, as well as some private corporation and put the profits in our own treasury. If we wait until we are in better financial shape and did you ever know of a city that had money lying idle in its treasury? we will have to accept the price fixed by a board of appraisers. Just now we stand an equal chance with the bondholders to bid them in. The bondholders don't expect competition, and are not going to run the terms out of sight.

"The main difficulty is to get the money, but I've been talking to Mr. Hunt, of the Union National bank, and I believe we can work it through, providing our people generally, and the council, give their approval. The council cannot issue bonds for any such purpose without the authority of the legislature, but this is what we can do: We can get a syndicate together who will bid in the works for the city, and hold them in trust until such time as the legislature meets. Of course, these citizens would expect the moral support of the whole council, and a pledge to take the works off their hands just as soon as legal authority could be secured."

HE THINKS IT FEASIBLE.

Mr. J. H. Hunt, of the Union National bank, is inclined to think favorably of the plan. In his opinion a syndicate of citizens could be made up, who, together with the assistance of the local bankers, would furnish a sufficient sum of ready money to buy up the plant. The terms are cash, and at the present time it would be harder than at almost any other to secure the large sum required. However, he thinks it could be done, and that the effort is worth making. There would be no object in making the purchase, of course, unless the price could be kept down pretty close to the appraised value. The syndicate would be secured, for though there should be some legal slip, to prevent the city from securing the plant, it would be worth the amount paid.

THE CITY SOLICITOR.

Mr. Willison gave the answer expected—that the council could not legally effect a purchase without the authority of the legislature, which would probably require a popular vote before making an enabling act operative. All the council could do would be to give its moral support. Possibly a popular vote taken now, before the fifth of August, would justify the legislature in permitting the bonds to be issued next year without a second popular vote. Mr. Willison suspected, however, that the bondholders would not stand by and allow the works to be sold at a nominal figure, but would be found active bidders against any competitors. He had little faith in Mr. Segner's idea that they would go for a trifle over the appraised value.

MAY GET NO INSURANCE.

WILMOT, July 11.—Brief mention was made of the burning of the barn of Alpheus Baltz last week in THE INDEPENDENT. The opinion of some is that he will receive none of the insurance as there was no assignment of the policy from the late owners to the present.

There is a great demand for berry pickers at present.

Durfer Brothers have purchased a new threshing machine.

A large band of gypsies passed through town last week.

The Rev. Miller and wife visited relatives at Niagara Falls last week.

HE BIT HER FINGERS.

The case of John Blatz, charged by Mrs. Basler with assault and battery, was heard by the mayor on Saturday afternoon. It proved very amusing to the spectators who were present, charges and counter charges flying thick and fast between the accused and accuser. The mayor concluded the case by fining Blatz the costs, amounting to \$6.25. During the testimony the fact brought out that Mrs. Basler had pulled Mr. Blatz's whiskers and that he had retaliated by biting her fingers.

ASYLUM TRUSTEES HERE.

THEY WILL ADVERTISE FOR BIDS NEXT WEEK.

In About Thirty Days Thereafter the Contract Will Be Let—Other Matters Considered Today—Dr. Richardson Talks About the New Massillon Institution (From Monday's Daily.)

The trustees of the Eastern Ohio Insane Asylum are in session here to-day, Architect J. W. Yost of Columbus being also present. Dr. Eymann of Cleveland could not attend, on account of the death of his father. Robert Sherrard of Zanesville arrived last night, and Dr. Richardson came in from Columbus this morning. Mr. Mullins of Salem and Mr. McFahon of Cambridge reached Massillon shortly after noon. The morning was spent by those already on the ground in going over the floor plans, and in paying a visit to Warburton & Co's stone quarry. Later in the day the asylum site was visited.

The meeting is preliminary to actual construction, for which \$60,000 is available this year. It is the expectation of the trustees to advertise for bids within one week, for the excavations and foundation walls for the administration building, dining hall, kitchen and boiler house. This work will probably exhaust the first appropriation, and put the institution in such shape that next year very great progress can be made. The advertisements for bids have to run for thirty days, so that it will be well into August before the first earth is turned. Two other matters which have been considered today are the switch into the grounds from the Cleveland & Canton railroad, which must be built at once, and an artesian well. A complete system of water works will be constructed, the minimum quantity estimated for daily consumption being 50,000 gallons. A plant will be erected, however, with a capacity for supplying much more.

Dr. Richardson said this noon that the trustees had recently made their projected trips East and to Kansas, where they had secured many valuable ideas, both as to features to be incorporated in the Massillon asylum and as to many to be excluded. More had been learned on the subject of hospital construction than any other, and while all the facts picked up here and there were very interesting to specialists, they were not especially so to laymen.

One of the first things to be done, he said, after the construction contracts had been let, would be to appoint a superintendent. For this position the trustees already had several applicants. The position would probably last three years, and the successful applicant would have to be an experienced and honest builder, as well as a man of affairs. As soon as the superintendent was chosen, a permanent office would be opened in Massillon. Whether the first contracts would be let in Columbus or Massillon, he did not know.

The Columbus asylum, of which Dr. Richardson is the head, has an army of about 150 employees. In addition to the inmates, and as many will be employed in Massillon. This number includes the professional staff, all of whom are high salaried people and experts in their line. With the most favorable results, Dr. Richardson thought it would be two years from next spring before the Massillon asylum could be permanently opened.

Mr. Yost, the architect in charge, said that the foundation plans were now complete, but that the elevations were incomplete. Whether the buildings would be of plain or pressed brick or stone, was undetermined, and very likely both brick and stone would be used, so as to present a pleasing variety without detracting from the architectural unity sought after. The scope of the plans, Mr. Yost said, was quite ambitious, and was not exaggerated in the sketch which THE INDEPENDENT published a few months ago. The grounds about the buildings would all be laid out by the architect, and would be treated so as to produce the most pleasing results possible.

Assistant Superintendent H. A. Kennedy, of the Cleveland, Canton & Southern railroad, joined the party this afternoon, and to Mr. S. A. Conrad said that the switch to the grounds must be pushed through without delay. The estimated cost of this branch line is \$17,000. The Ft. Wayne people are also figuring on a similar switch, and will probably put it in. At 1:30 this afternoon the trustees drove to the asylum site, and are now engaged in locating the buildings.

When the corner stone of the institution is laid, it is the expectation and desire to have it done with imposing ceremonies, which, it is thought, the city government and the board of trade will be glad to conduct. The governor and his staff, trustees and officers of all existing institutions will be expected, together with the principal public men of Ohio. With proper local effort, the occasion will be memorable.

It is the opinion of all who have gone over the actual working plans of the new asylum, that few Massillon people appreciate yet the magnitude of the plant which the state of Ohio is about to erect.

Hiding Around the World.

An alleged cowboy walked his pony through town about 5:30 Saturday afternoon, and without stopping anywhere, continued on his westward course. The chap's name is R. J. Tanner, and he hails from Lincoln, Neb. He left home on March 15, and rode to New York, arriving June 18. On June 20th he started from the Pulitzer building for a tour around the world. He expects to be gone two years and a half. Another cowboy from Iowa is riding through this section with Mr. Tanner, but is in no way connected with the tour. He is enroute home from New York and will stop in Iowa. The expedition is a purely private enterprise.

"Be sure you get Ayer's" is an important caution to all in search of a thoroughly reliable blood purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla being the one on which there can be no manner of doubt. It has stood the test of nearly half a century, and has long been considered the standard.

HE WILL SLEEP NO MORE.

Martin Bittering Robbed of His Watch While Asleep.

Martin Bittering will probably do all of his sleeping in the future at his own home. Martin is a stone mason who has been in the city about four months. He is employed by contractor John Russell and has a family. At a late hour Saturday night he went to the Ft. Wayne station to meet a friend whom he expected to arrive from Mansfield on No. 8.

While waiting for the arrival of the train, Bittering fell asleep, and when he awoke found that his silver watch and chain valued at forty dollars was missing. The loss has been reported to the police officers and they will make an effort to recover the time piece.

DIXIANA IS SOLD AGAIN.

MR. COXEY'S FAMOUS FARM CHANGES HANDS.

J. S. Coxeys is just back from Lexington, Ky., where he parted with his famous stock farm, Dixiana, consisting of 250 acres, for \$25,250. Mr. Coxeys found by experience that he must neglect either his stone business here, or his horses in Kentucky by reason of their separation, and decided to sell, and move his stock to Massillon. He says that he has no present intention of rearing from the horse business, and will at once look for a well watered farm of 150 acres more or less, near town. He prefers to rent rather than buy. There are now between 70 and 80 horses in the stud, headed by the peerless Acolyte, for whom Mr. Coxeys paid \$40,000. The Lexington Transcript has this to say of the transaction:

Messrs. Steadman & Bowman, consummated an excellent sale yesterday when they sold the famous stock farm, Dixiana, to Mr. Thomas J. Carson, of Natchez, Miss. Dixiana was formerly the property of Major B. G. Thomas, the rector of the thoroughbred breeding business in Kentucky, and several years ago he sold the place to Mr. J. S. Coxeys, a wealthy trotting horse breeder, of Massillon, O. He was very successful in raising trotters at Dixiana, but as his large business interests at Massillon require too much of his time, he decided to dispose of his Bluegrass farm and take his trotters back to Ohio. He therefore employed Messrs. Steadman & Bowman to dispose of the property, and they succeeded in securing a good price—\$101 per acre for the place. This shows that farms in the vicinity of Lexington are still worth fair prices.

GOING TO CHICAGO.

Arrangements for the Reception of the Eighth.

The Eighth regiment, including Company F of Massillon, will go into camp at Chicago on fifty one acres, located on the lake shore, three miles south of the World's Fair grounds. The officers who have seen these grounds are highly pleased with the location. Three railroads, the P., Ft. W. & C. B. & O., and L. S. & M. S. have stations on or within one block of the camp, all running trains to the Fair. Street cars pass the grounds every few minutes which land passengers at the World's Fair gates. The trip can also be made by boat. The camp grounds are well supplied with good water and afford excellent fishing, boating and bathing facilities.

The regiment will leave by special train July 27, and return home August 9, which will make a 12 day's encampment. One half of the time will be devoted strictly to camp work, and the balance to sight seeing. Strict military discipline will be maintained throughout the entire encampment, but each man will be excused from work for six of the 12 days, and allowed to use the time as he sees fit. The state having made no special appropriation for this encampment, it will be necessary to use the camp pay for all the men to defray the expenses. While the men will be transported and subsisted for 12 days at the expense of the state, they will draw no pay for their services.

The Wooster Republican says that Company D now numbers 58 enlisted men and from present appearances will be in excellent trim for camp. No new enlistments will be made after Monday the 10th inst. The boys are drilling every night and notwithstanding the fact that the 8th Regt., possesses a number of most excellent companies, the Wooster City Guard boys mean as usual to stand at the top.

The Crop Conditions.

The state bureau of agriculture reports as follows for the week ending July 8th, for the northern section of the state: Fine weather for growing crops and farm work. Good showers occurred over the greater portion of the section, but in some of the north-east counties more rain is much needed. Clover hay is mostly made and put away in good order. Wheat cutting began but will not be general until next week—is in good condition and promises excellent yield. Oats are heading but straw is short. Barley cut and ready for threshing. Rye cutting in progress. Corn grows finely. Timothy meadows well along and ready to cut. Tobacco almost planted and doing well, some early planted on market; bugs plenty. Fruit in about the same condition as last reported and is still falling. Some cherries picked—wormy. Quinces fair. Grapes in good condition and no rot noticed. Berries plentiful. Several local storms, accompanied by hail, did some damage to crops on 2d, 5th, 8th and 8th.

Drowned on July 4th.

Harry Hise, of Salem, a cousin of William Hise, of Massillon, was drowned off Cape May on July 4th. The body has been found after several days and sent home. He was a postal clerk between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. He went on an excursion to Cape May on the Fourth and while bathing was drowned. The body was found floating on the surface of the water about a mile from the shore by two fishermen. The fish of the sea had eaten part of the flesh from the body, but otherwise it was well preserved by the sea water.

ECHOES FROM THE SHOPS.

POINTS PICKED UP AT LOCAL MANUFACTORIES.

The Financial Conditions of the Benefit Association at Russell & Co.'s At the Lake Factory—Things Moving Well at Hess, Snyder & Co.'s.

The following excerpt from the semi-annual report of Secretary John Keim of Russell & Co.'s Employees Mutual Benefit Association submitted at the meeting on Monday evening will be of interest to members of the association who were unable to attend the meeting. It was prepared for the THE INDEPENDENT by Mr. Keim.

Cash on hand January 1, 1893	\$1,514.26
Receipts from monthly dues Jan. 1 to July 1, 1893	1,582.50
Donation from help of T. H. Russell	250.00
Total	\$3,346.76
Aggregating	\$3,316.75
Expenditures from Jan. 1 to July 1, 1893	48.14
Incidental expenses	20.33
Four death benefits, \$200 each	1,000.00
182 weekly benefits, at \$4 each	1,062.00
Total	\$2,110.47
Cash on hand July 1, 1893	\$1,236.29
Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1892	\$1,195.43
Donation from estate of N. S. Russell	112.02
Stock benefits of T. H. Russell returned	42.00
Receipts from monthly dues Jan. 1 to July 1, 1893	1,502.25
Aggregating	\$3,051.71
Expenditures from Jan. 1 to July 1, 1893	48.14
Incidental expenses	20.33
Two death benefits, \$200 each	500.00
132 weekly benefits, at \$4 each	807.50
Total	\$1,376.50
Cash on hand July 1, 1892	\$1,675.21

HESS, SNYDER & CO. HUSTLING.

Hess, Snyder & Co. are still employing their full force of eighty men, and according to present indications they will continue to do so right through the summer season. This is the time of year when they stock up for fall shipments which commence the first of August. Shipments are going on as usual. The pump trade is keeping right up to the average, and as business has been going out of the shipping department all summer, and are still moving, the firm is led to believe that there will be a good fall trade in that branch of their business. They have been very fortunate with their Boomer furnaces, as they have given great satisfaction wherever used. Patterns for a new style heating stove of the Oak type, were put into the sand this week, and a large stock will be manufactured for the fall trade. They will be made in three sizes known as the Boomer Nos 14, 16 and 18. The design is handsome and the firm expects to find a good demand for them.

ARE STILL INCREASING.

Several more men have been added to the force now employed in the J. H. & D. Lake company's shops this week. Mr. Lake stated this morning that they would take in new men each week until their capacity was reached. "We still have plenty of work ahead," said Mr. Lake, "and new orders are being filed daily. We do not expect to close down, but will constantly increase our number of men."

GETTING READY TO RESUME.

Repair work at the Corn's Iron Works is progressing rapidly, and with every expectation of resuming operations as soon as the scale is signed. The men are not especially anxious to work during the extremely hot weather, but the wheels will probably be revolving again before August.

Do you read the testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla? They are thoroughly reliable and worthy your confidence.

How to pursue.

Is bad breath, and yet how many other ailments, polite, and particular people afflict their friends with the foul odor of their breath. If there was no remedy for this, it might excite our sympathy, but as there is no need of having a foul breath, it is an unpardonable breach of good manners to obtrude such an offence on good society.

Foul breath arises from disordered digestion which can be corrected by using Sulfur Bitters, and the result will be a pure, sweet breath.

THE WOOSTER REPUBLICAN SAYS THAT COMPANY D NOW NUMBERS 58 ENLISTED MEN AND FROM PRESENT APPEARANCES WILL BE IN EXCELLENT TRIM FOR CAMP. NO NEW ENLISTMENTS WILL BE MADE AFTER MONDAY THE 10TH INST. THE BOYS ARE DRILLING EVERY NIGHT AND NOTWITHSTANDING THE FACT THAT THE 8TH REGT., POSSESSES A NUMBER OF MOST EXCELLENT COMPANIES, THE WOOSTER CITY GUARD BOYS MEAN AS USUAL TO STAND AT THE TOP.

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Three Bottles Cured.

"Used to be a great sufferer from rheumatism. I tried almost everything without relief. I took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and found myself cured. I know it was."

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That cured me." Mrs. WILLIAM KENNARD, Moore's Vineyard, Ind.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

Hood's Remedies are for sale by F. S. Craig.

— Pledged —

Cleveland's Purity Baking Powder Strength Economy

(Copyright)

A FIVE DOLLAR RATE. ALL ELECTORS ELIGIBLE.

It May Be Expected Between Massillon and Chicago.

The Board of Elections Not Exclusively a Canton Affair.

In advising those whose means are limited, not to pay the fare to Chicago and return now charged by the Pennsylvania Company, but to wait for a five dollar rate, THE INDEPENDENT speaks with the earnestness born of conviction that such a rate will soon be announced—in no other way can the interest of the whole public be aroused.

The Pennsylvania Company has quietly equipped itself for a great volume of World's Fair traffic, and at this moment has a vast number of specially constructed cars in the West, which will be put into use immediately upon the announcement predicted. These cars are of solid but cheap construction, so built as to be convertible to other purposes after the fair is over.

The Pennsylvania Company is simply waiting for the present agreement as to passenger rates to be broken, and will then be found as usual, giving the lowest rates and best accommodations. The Pennsylvania people have been great sticklers for the maintenance of rates, and do not desire to break any agreements, but the preparations made by this splendidly managed company show that a general passenger war is expected, and it must come soon. Weaker roads are complaining bitterly that the traffic does not at present justify them in making expensive arrangements, and are eagerly looking for some pretext to give the people such rates as will attract them.

CREDIT IS DUE THEM.

The Canton-Massillon Is Responsible for Two Improvements.

It seems to be the public's prerogative to look with suspicion upon and object to everything done by a corporation and the Canton Massillon street railway company has not escaped the share of blame which whether deserved or not, falls to the lot of organizations of its class. Even THE INDEPENDENT, so General Agent Kilinger firmly believes, has done a little unnecessary complaining occasionally. But the existence of the road and its contemplated branches has resulted, or rather will result in the accomplishment of two very much needed actions on the part of the county commissioners.

The possibility of the extension of the railway to Brookfield has caused the commissioners to consider the matter of repairing the Johnson hill, west of the city, which has been in bad shape for many years, and the work will probably be performed some time before next winter. Besides this, the dangerously narrow bridge and embankment on the Navarro road, where the Warmington road begins, will be widened and raised and put in better shape generally.

These improvements are not to be made through any request of the railway people, and it was the mere possibility of the line being built that suggested the improvements to the commissioners.

A Card From the "Y's."

The Y's will serve ice cream and cake at Y headquarters, next Saturday afternoon and evening. Everybody is invited to come and help support the only place except the saloons in which a young man or boy can spend an evening.

SEE HIGERD'S New Furniture Room Southwest Corner Tremont and Erie, Opposite Hotel Sailer. Undertaking in all its Branches.

— SEE —

HIGERD'S New Furniture Room

Southwest Corner Tremont and Erie, Opposite Hotel Sailer.

Undertaking in all its Branches.

— DEALERS IN —

Lumber, Shingles, Lath; SASH, DOORS and BLINDS.

Manufacturers of Cigar Boxes.

Yard and Mill South Erie Street, MASSILLON, O.

GREAT JULY SALE

of Straw Hats, Negligee, Percale and Domet Shirts.

Two Pair of Fast Black Hose for 25c. Just Half Price

Don't miss any of our Bargains.

ELEGANT LINE OF TRAVELING BAGS.

SPANGLER & CO., Strictly Hatters & Men's Furnishers.

“WE TWO” ON WHEELS

FIRST ADVENTURES OF THE FAIR BICYCLISTS IN ENGLAND.

The Bitter Pangs of Hunger—Where Food Must Be Ordered Long Before It Is Needed—Another Mistake on Account of the Smith Family.

[Special Correspondence.]

BLACKPOOL, England, June 28.—Have you ever been hungry? Of course I don't mean a common everyday desire for food, but real, genuine hunger, such as I imagine many a poor child in our larger cities often experiences. We have had that feeling. Starting early one morning from Chester on our way to Manchester, we ate but little before commencing the journey, promising ourselves to “get a lunch before dinner time” to take the place of the breakfast we did not care for. But we discovered that hotels in this country are not hotels at all, according to our American interpretation of the word, and that it isn't a bit nice to be real hungry and not able to satisfy the stomach's demands, especially when one isn't accustomed to the sensation. But to the experience.

A few miles' ride in the bracing June air acted like a spring tonic on our appetites, and we agreed that we must have something to eat. We draw up before one of the wayside taverns with which all English roads are plentifully supplied. I tug vigorously at the old iron knocker, which is placed almost out of my reach near the top of the door. A grim faced woman presently appears.

“We would like a little lunch if you please.”

“We don't ave food for peoples,” she says shortly.

“But couldn't we have some sandwiches and a glass of milk?”

“Noo; we don't ave them. We ave beer and cider.”

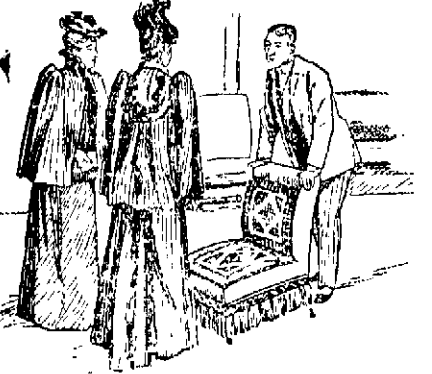
We turn sadly away, but Edith remarks courageously, “Well, we can stand it awhile longer anyway,” and so we push on. In the course of an hour or so we come across another tavern. This time it is a brisk, nervous little man who answers our knock. He looks perplexed and eyes us doubtfully as we prefer our request, and at last says:

“It might be managed if the missis was in, but she's away for the day, and she's left but a sup for me ownself and the lads.”

“But couldn't you let us have some milk?”

“Nay; we keep no cows, but yonder neighbor, a bit beyond me here, has a fine cow, and it maybe ye can get a drink there.”

He has prophesied correctly, and we do obtain the milk, but are briefly refused anything to eat.



“WE CAWN'T FEED STRANGERS.”

Noon draws on apace, the sun rays grow hot, and the roads are white and dusty. Still we have had nothing to eat, but our courage rises as riding swiftly down a little incline we turn sharply and come into the one long narrow street of a little village. Looking ahead of us, on four different buildings we see the welcome word, “Hotel,” and visions of a bountiful dinner flash before our eyes as we halt before the first one we reach. The door is locked, but repeated pulls at the bell arouse somebody, and the door opens far enough to admit a glimpse of a woman's face. I ask for dinner and am met with the information that “we never furnish meals for anybody unless they are ordered the day before.” The end of the sentence is clipped off by the closing of the door and the snapping of the bolt into the socket. My own mutterings are re-echoed by my companion in misery as we take up the line of march to the next place. Here the door is open, and we march boldly in.

Through the hall, office and waiting room we wander, and not until we reach the kitchen of the establishment do we find the occupants. Two slatternly women are or rather have been eating their dinner from a table pushed up against the side of the wall. Either their appetites resembled ours or they had little to eat, for the table, like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, was bare.

“Can we get a dinner here?”

“Nay, but I've not a bit. Ye should have ordered it yesterday, and a good dinner ye would have had today.”

“But I wasn't here to order it,” I answered crossly.

“Aye, but there's the post, lass. Much good food would be wasted if we cooked up a mess and waited for peoples to come and eat it. It's the rule to order it a bit before ye want it, and a very good rule it is.”

“Well, but can't you get us a little something? We are not particular at all.”

“I've nothing at all in the house. Indeed we eat scraps ourselves.”

“Well, give us some scraps then.”

I am desperate, but she commences to gather up the empty plates, saying shortly, “We've eaten them all.”

The third hotel is closed, and a passing youngster volunteers the information, “They's gone to a picnic.” In desperate silence we proceed to the fourth and last one, and again meet with disappointment. “The missis has been ailing for some days, and we cawn't feed strangers, but we ave something to drink.”

We call at private houses, but have no better success. We finally call at the only grocery store that the little village can boast and purchase some musty crackers. You know cheese is the regulation thing with crackers, but they are

RACE TRACK PLUNGERS

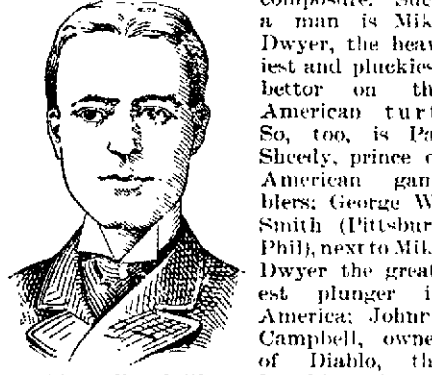
Jere Dunn Says They Are Born and Not Made.

M. F. DWYER AND PITTSBURG PHIL

They Are the Most Daring Bettors on the Turf Today—How “Jack the Beefer” Won \$5,000 With a \$2 Bill—John Morrissey's \$100,000 Wager.

A race track plunger, like a poet or a gambler, is born and not made. The gaming instinct must be inherent in the man who would tempt fate, as well as certain mental and physical qualities. His mental makeup should be of that alert, keen, perceptive order which will enable him to see points of vantage in any kind of a game he may be engaged in and to immediately turn them to account. The man who permits his judgment to be biased or influenced by his own fears or by the opinions of others will never make a successful plunger.

The first requisite of a plunger is nerve. He must have what sportsmen term “heart,” as well as head. He must be able to stand a big loss as well as a handsome winning with the same philosophical composure.



PITTSBURG PHIL.

cap winner, Dave Gleason, as game a sportsman as ever waged a dollar, Pierre Lorillard, the proud possessor of such splendid thoroughbreds as Lamplighter and Locohatchee, and Ed Marks of Louisville, the king of southern sportsmen.

These men have wagered as high as ever did John Morrissey, John Chamberlain, Price McGrath or John Harper in the good old days when Longfellow and Harry Bassett, the great sons of Lexington and Leamington, contended for equine supremacy and carried all the money of the country on the result of the encounter.

Indeed Mike Dwyer has in 10 years won and lost—principally won—\$2,000,000 on the race track. On his favorite horses alone—Luke Blackburn, Hindoo and Hanover—he cleared something like \$500,000. They were the best horses the Dwyer stable ever produced and seldom lost a race. Each of them won great events, like the Brooklyn handicap, Suburban and Metropolitan stakes, with scarcely an effort.

Probably the most unique and daring bet Mike Dwyer ever made was when he placed \$95,000 against \$4,000 on his famous mare, Miss Woodford, when she raced that equally famous thoroughbred, George Kennerly, some years ago. Kennerly won after a bruising race, and Dwyer took his loss with as much sang froid as if it were \$1 he had placed on the result. Only about a fortnight ago Dwyer lost a wager of \$50,000 which he had ventured against \$25,000 on a single race. Not a whit dismayed by this catastrophe, he immediately put up another \$50,000 against \$30,000 upon another race and won. Fortune was kind to him in the other events, and he “won out,” as the boys put it, on the day.

Johnny Campbell, owner of Diablo, the Brooklyn handicap winner, cleared \$100,000 by the gallant performance of his game little horse on that eventful day in May when Diablo burst through a field of the best horses in the country and carried off the \$25,000 purse. Campbell had backed his horse in the winter books and obtained as high as 80 and 100 to 1 against him.

George W. Smith, or Pittsburgh Phil, as he is popularly known, is a lad of but 27 years and the youngest victor at the race track. He is also one of the merriest and most successful. He never hesitates a moment to put up \$10,000, \$20,000, or even more, if he thinks he has a “good thing.” He cleared \$25,000 on Terrier when that fine animal gave Lowlander a fine race for first money in the Suburban handicap recently. Terrier sold low in the pool, and Phil was enabled to get as high as 19 to 1 against him for place.

Phil's greatest coup, however, was made at Sheephead Bay three years ago. He had two horses, named King Cadmus and Merry Monarch, entered in the two principal events of the day. The bookmakers thought so poorly of Phil's “nags” that they offered odds of 20, 40 and 50 to 1 against them. Phil eagerly snapped up all such offers and nearly ruined a dozen bookmakers. In all he pocketed \$130,000 on that eventful day.

Had not Pierre Lorillard, the millionaire tobaccoist, met with the hardest kind of hard luck he would not only have captured the Brooklyn handicap, but in all likelihood would have netted the largest amount that any sportsman has ever made in the history of the American turf. First his grand horse Locohatchee broke down in training three days before the Brooklyn and was consequently scratched. Locohatchee had beaten his stable companion, Lamplighter, four lengths over the handicap distance the very day before he broke down. So sure was Mr. Lorillard that his horse would win the need of victory that he sent commissioners to snatch up all the bets that could be offered against his horse not only in New York and Brooklyn, but also at Morris park, Linden, Elizabeth and Gutterbach race tracks. Had Locohatchee been able to enter that race he would undoubtedly have won, and Millionaire Lor-



MICHAEL F. DWYER.

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illard would have captured over \$200,000 in wagers alone. His second misfortune occurred when his other magnificent thoroughbred, Lamplighter, was “pocketed” coming down the stretch on handicap day when he had victory virtually all but won. That error of judgment on the part of Jockey Sims cost Mr. Lorillard something like \$35,000. He had backed Lamplighter, but not as heavily as he had his other favorite, Locohatchee, prior to his becoming incapacitated for further work.

The “Albany confederacy,” consisting of M. N. Nolan, Gene Woods and Cull Holland, bagged \$40,000 three years ago when they rather indifferently horse Cast-away II unexpectedly won the Brooklyn handicap from what was considered a good field. All they invested was \$1,000.

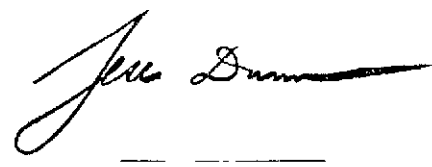
Dave Pulsifer may have netted all of \$30,000 when his great little “swayback,” the renowned Tenny, romped in a winner at the handicap in the following year. He lost heavily, however, in the special matches he had made for his horse with the great Salvatore. He had the satisfaction of knowing, however, that all the talent went down with him. To a man almost they backed the “swayback.”

The “Black confederacy,” too, an organization composed entirely of colored men, is at times a heavy winner. The leaders of the confederacy are Andy Thompson, Jack Nails, Ed Nails and Charles Anderson. They study horses closely and are well posted as to their likelihood of winning. Two years ago at Morris park Thompson won \$60,000 on his horse Frontenac, getting odds of from 20 to 40 to 1 against him. The Nails and Anderson, too, caught on for about \$20,000. All told, the confederacy took about \$120,000 from the bookmakers.

Besides the men I have mentioned as plungers there are others who at times bet heavily at the track. Among these may be mentioned J. B. Haggis, owner of Salvatore, Richard Croker, the big Tammany chieftain, Mattie Corbett, Dave Johnson, John Parker and Jim Farrer of Albany. As a rule these gentlemen “go on” the best horses and generally win. Sometimes, however, they are big losers.

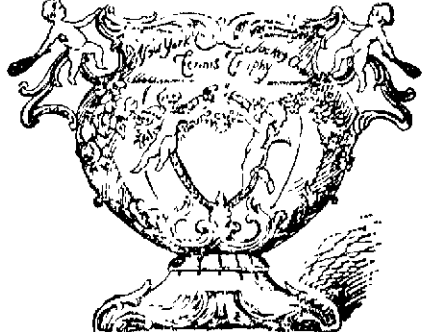
The greatest bet ever made on a race track was that of John Morrissey against John Chamberlain and John Harper at Saratoga some 20 years ago on the memorable Longfellow-Bassett race. Morrissey bet Chamberlain and Harper, who pooled their issues, \$100,000 that Bassett would win, and they promptly accepted. Morrissey won the money.

The smallest money ever bet on a track with the best results accruing was that made by a tout nicknamed “Jack the Beefer” at the Brooklyn handicap of three years ago. Jack had bet \$2, and with that he won \$5,000. He beat all seven of the races that day. Betting or plunging on horse races is a pleasurable pastime if a man understands the game and is a natural born gambler. If he does not know horses from A to Z and has not the traits of a gamster, he had better let the sport alone, for it is not likely to prove profitable in the end.



The Morris Park \$500 Tennis Cup.

The national tennis doubles will be held at Chicago instead of Newport this year, and the contest is scheduled for July 25. A tournament for the World's fair championship in singles, open to all comers, will be held at the same time. First, second and consolation prizes will be given. The runners up will take second prize, and all players defeated in their first match will be entitled to compete for consolation prizes. All the matches will be the best three in five, advantage sets, except consolations, which will be the best two in three.



MORRIS PARK TENNIS CUP.

The winners of the first prize in double will be called upon to play the present champions, O. S. Campbell and R. P. Huntington, Jr., for the double championship of the United States. Games will be called at 10 a. m. each day. The referee will be Dr. James Dwight of Boston. A fee of \$3 for each single and \$5 for each double entry will be charged. The national singles championships will be held at Newport, as usual.

The New York Jockey club will offer a beautiful cup, valued at \$500, to be competed for at the all comers' tennis tournament, Aug. 7, at Morris park. This cup is to be contested for in open competition, the winner having his name engraved on it. Upon being won three times by the same person it becomes his property. Besides the trophy there is a silver flower dish. This is to go to the winner of the tournament as first prize. The cup is 13 inches high and of sterling silver. The face of the bowl contains a shield, on each side of which a Cupid plays, supporting with his hands a wreath of twined flowers of exquisite finish and design, and on the other side there is another shield, similar in design, on which are to be inscribed the names of the winners. A Cupid rests on each handle. Beneath the rim of the cup and above the shields is inscribed the donor's name.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

F. C. Burnand has written a burlesque on “Cavalleria Rusticana.”

Charles T. Vincent has made arrangements with W. A. Brady for the production of “Old Glory” next season. The play treats of an episode in the Revolutionary war.

Modjeska is to add “Heinrich” by Hermann Sudermann to her repertory next season.

Seymour Tibbels and Howard Wall are the joint authors of “At the State Capitol” and “The Foreman.” The former is to be brought out by Currier Louis and the latter by Mr. and Mrs. Moyn.

Aubrey Bourke will be starred in “The Shaughraun” next season.

Word comes from Santa Barbara, Cal., that George Drew Barrymore, who is there for her health, is much improved.

Louis Aldrich will star in “The Senator” and George Wilson in “On Probation” next season.

“The Golden Wedding,” which was recently brought out at Boston, is said to be a revised version of “The Last of the Family.”

PRINCE OF PITCHERS.

Caylor Awards the Crown to Big Amos Rusie.

MANY TWIRLERS KNOCKED OUT.

How the New Pitching Rule Has Retired Numerous Stars—The Magnates Intended That It Should Make Good Pitchers Plentiful and Cheap, but the Plan Failed.

The unusual spectacle of three National league clubs tied for first place for four days was seen recently. In all my experience as a historian of the American game I have no recollection of this incident having a precedent. Three clubs have held similar percentages for a day, but not as leaders. What makes this feature of the National league race still more remarkable is the fact that each of the three clubs won and lost the same number of games. Under the percentage system clubs frequently tie for position and yet differ in the number of games won and lost. The positions held by the Philadelphia, Boston and Brooklyn on the 28th and 29th of June and on the succeeding days certainly made a wonderful chapter in baseball history.

The fact that of these three clubs two were of the number which were not at the beginning of the year considered prime factors in the race adds to the interest. Three clubs, on the other hand, which were considered dangerous are well down in the list—namely, the Cleveland, Pittsburgh and New York. The last named team seems to be almost hopelessly beaten already. It has been particularly unfortunate in pitchers. When the season opened, it was thought that with Rusie, Crane and King the New Yorks were better equipped in the pitching line than any other league club. The out and out failure of the last two named was a stinging disappointment to the metropolitan “cranks.” Then the club secured Edwin, who for a time pitched great ball and then suddenly went to pieces. He may, however, recover his powers. This weakness may be merely temporary.

This problem of pitchers is one that is troubling nearly every club in the league. Old tried standbys under the new pitching rules are going down like tenpins. Hutchison, Clarkson, Stivers, King, Crane, Haddock, Lovett, Duryea, Elbert and Weyling have suffered most. Chamberlain, Rusie, Stratton, Terry, Young, Cappy, Nichols, Gleason, Cursey and McMahon are the “twirlers” who have done the best work under the new conditions, and yet each one of them has “taken his medicine” at times during the last month.

The New York, Chicago and Boston clubs are the three which need pitching talent most, and they stand ready to shovel out the shovels to obtain such coveted timber. Successful baseball pitchers are just as much in demand now as aspired sessions of congress. They are jewels, precious stones—members of the wonder family.

When the new pitching rule was framed, it was announced as the intention of the magnates to take away that powerful impetus from the pitcher which made him so necessary to the men who conduct baseball as a business, that he could command almost as high a price for his services. The intention was no doubt good, but the plan miscarried. A good pitcher is now a higher priced article than ever, because he is so rare. Had the rule wiped out the breed altogether the purpose of the rule makers would have been served, for then every club would have been on an equal footing and equally content. But instead of killing off the dominance of the pitchers the rule merely devaluated their numbers.

While the additional five feet has much to do with the loss of effectiveness to so many pitchers it is not that alone which has virtually forced out of business stars who last season were sought after at salaries of \$20,000 and \$30,000. The angle has more to do with it than the distance. Last year's pitcher had four feet less way in taking his position. This year he is exalted to a 12-inch plate. Last season he charged from one corner of the “box” to the other, according to whether he was pitching to a right field hitter or a left field hitter. This year he is compelled to use the same angle in throwing all manner of batsmen. That seems to be a very little matter, doesn't it? But just ask an intelligent pitcher how much power that privilege of changing his angle gave him and see what he has to say about it. The angle was very small, but it was enough to handicap the batter materially.

The college clubs are using the old rules with the 55 feet 6 inches distance and the 4 by 5 feet box. This fact should be borne in mind when students of the national game compare college games with those played by the National league. Besides very few college batsmen could hold even a mediocre place among the heavy hitters of the professional league teams. In the recent Yale Harvard games the feats performed by Carter and Highland seem almost marvellous. Yet men like Rusie and Chamberlain under similar circumstances would probably do as well if not better. In the game at Cambridge, Highlands of Harvard struck out 19 of his 27 men, and Carter did almost as well for his side. Had they been placed back 5 feet and confined to a 12-inch plate with the Boston or Philadelphia to face them they would have done good work to strike out nine men between them.

Young Hawley of the St. Louis team struck out 21 men in one game at Fort Smith last year. Now he can barely hold an engagement in the National league. Rusie in 1901 struck out 17 men in a single game, which, considering a 11 circumstances, was a most remarkable pitching feat. Rusie is probably the best pitcher in the country today, and on June 26 he gave evidence of it in that remarkable 5 to 5 1/2 inning game at Cincinnati. I call it remarkable and will go still further and pronounce it the greatest and most wonderful game of ball ever played. Considering the pitching handicap, it outranks all the former remarkable extra inning games ever played, not excepting the 6 to 6 1/2 inning Boston Cincinnati game of last year, the 7 to 7 3/4 inning game between the Cincinnati and Chicago, nor yet the Harvard-Manchester 0 to 0 24-inning game of 1877, when a deal ball was responsible for the long tie. In the recent 15-inning game the batting was heavy throughout, but headwork and endurance on both sides were so equally matched that the equilibrium was not lost for 3 1/2 hours.

In this case it is Rusie must be given the palm over Chamberlain. He pitched the 17 innings for his team and quit as fresh as a daisy on a June morning, whereas Chamberlain weakened in the sixteenth and had to retire. Rusie also struck out six batsmen to none by Chamberlain, and there was one less run earned off his pitch.

I think Rusie has justly earned the title “prince of pitchers.” His physique and endurance are simply marvellous. O. P. CAYLOR.

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